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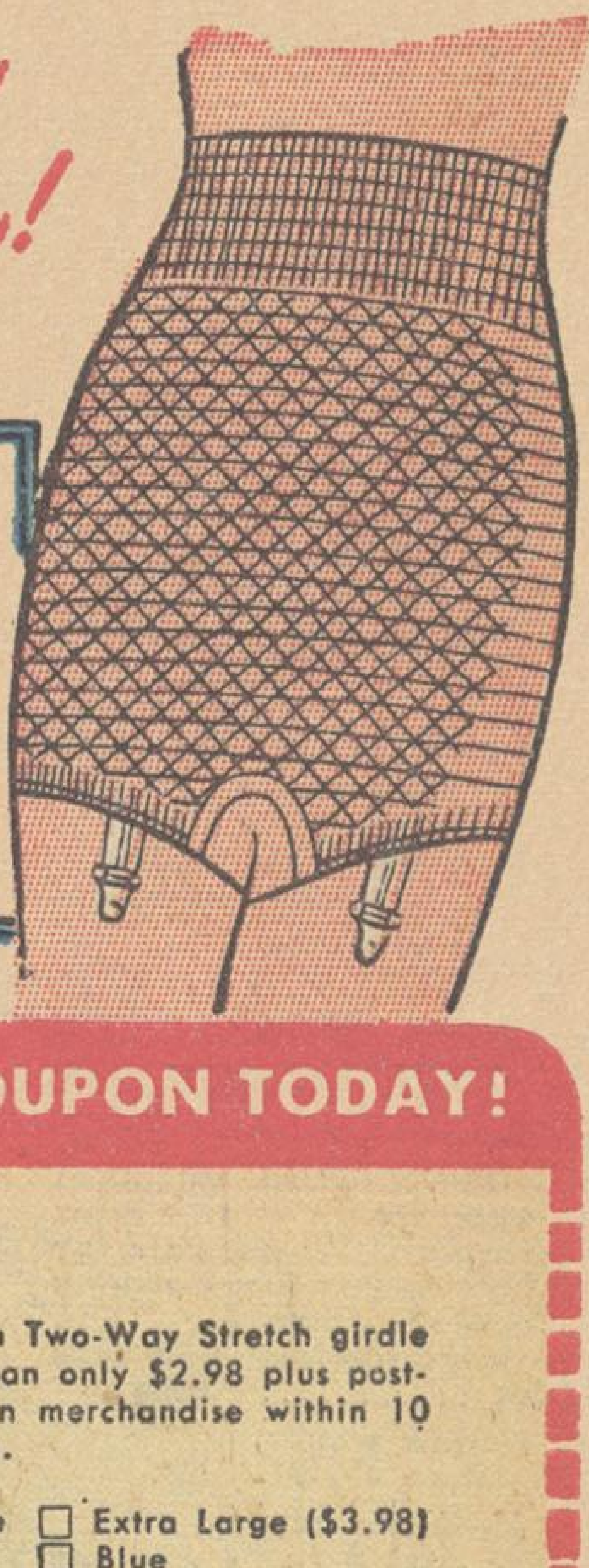

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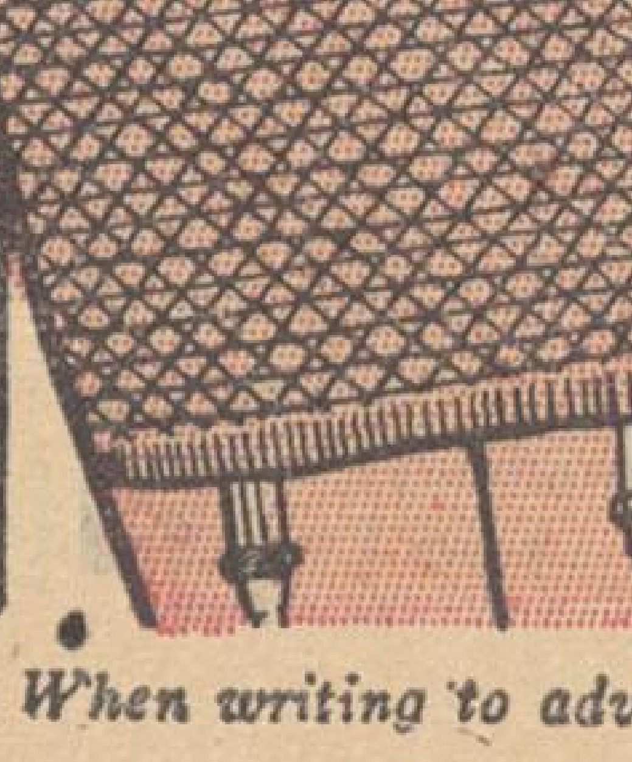

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PATSY WALKER

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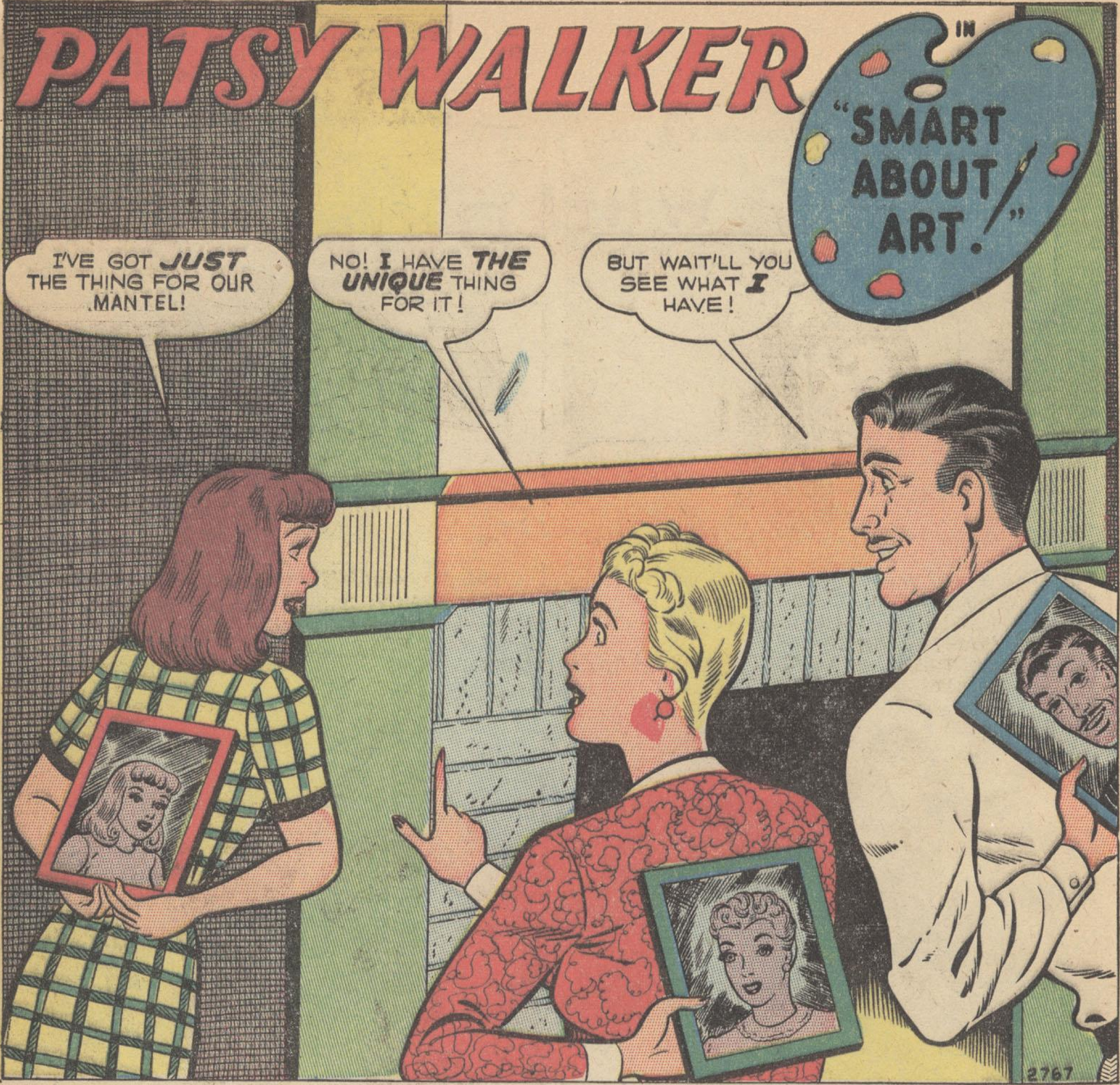
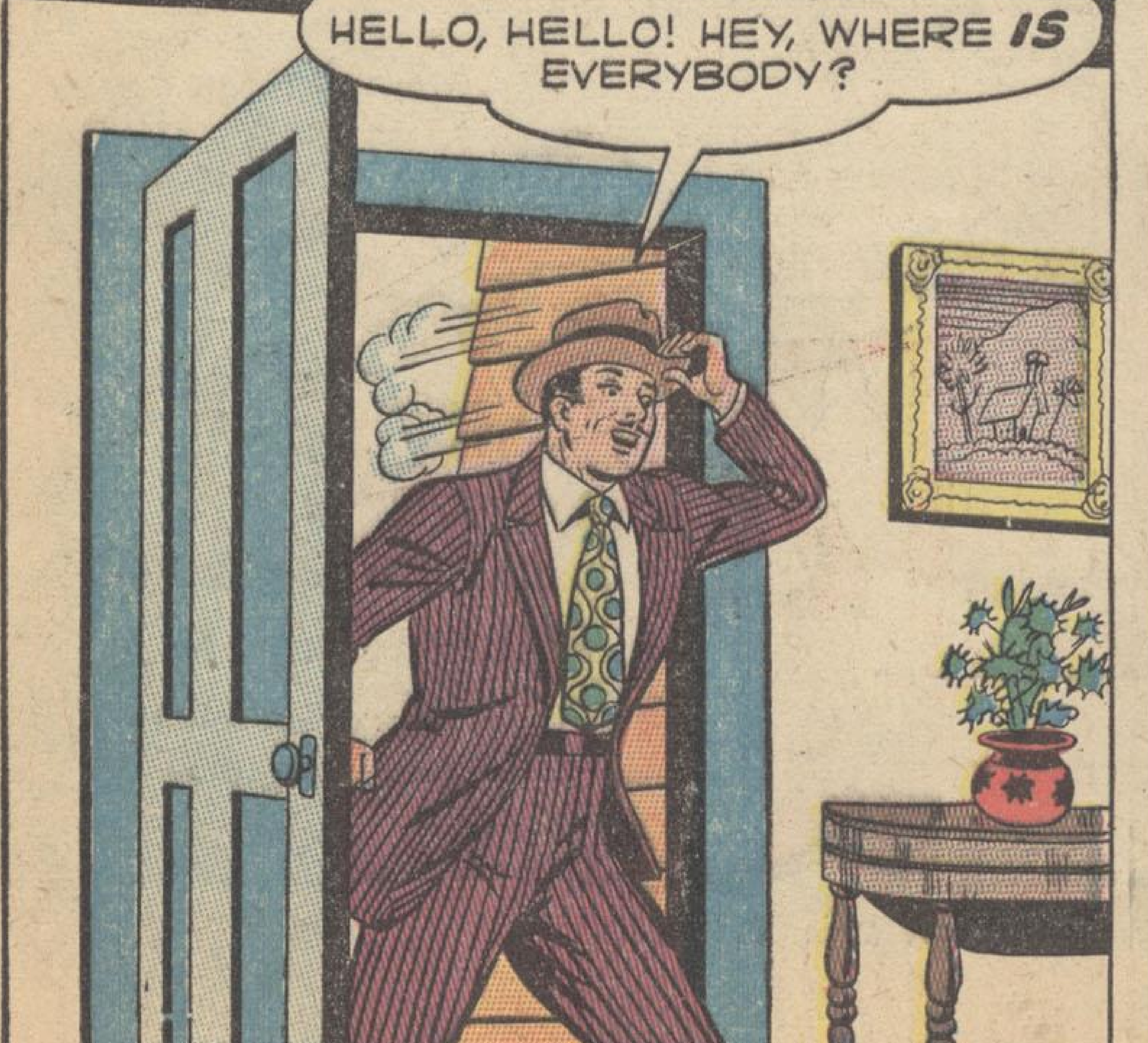
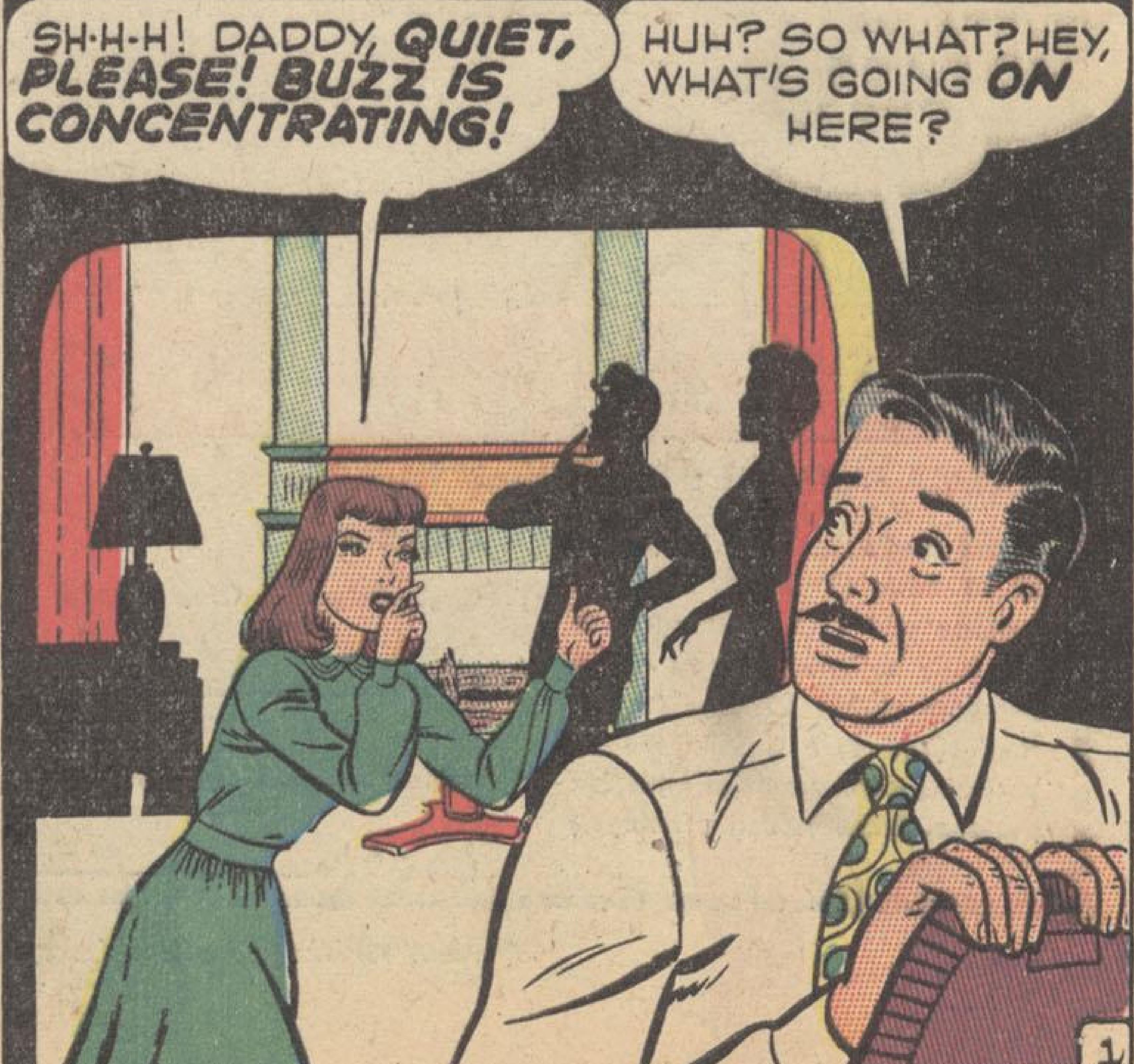
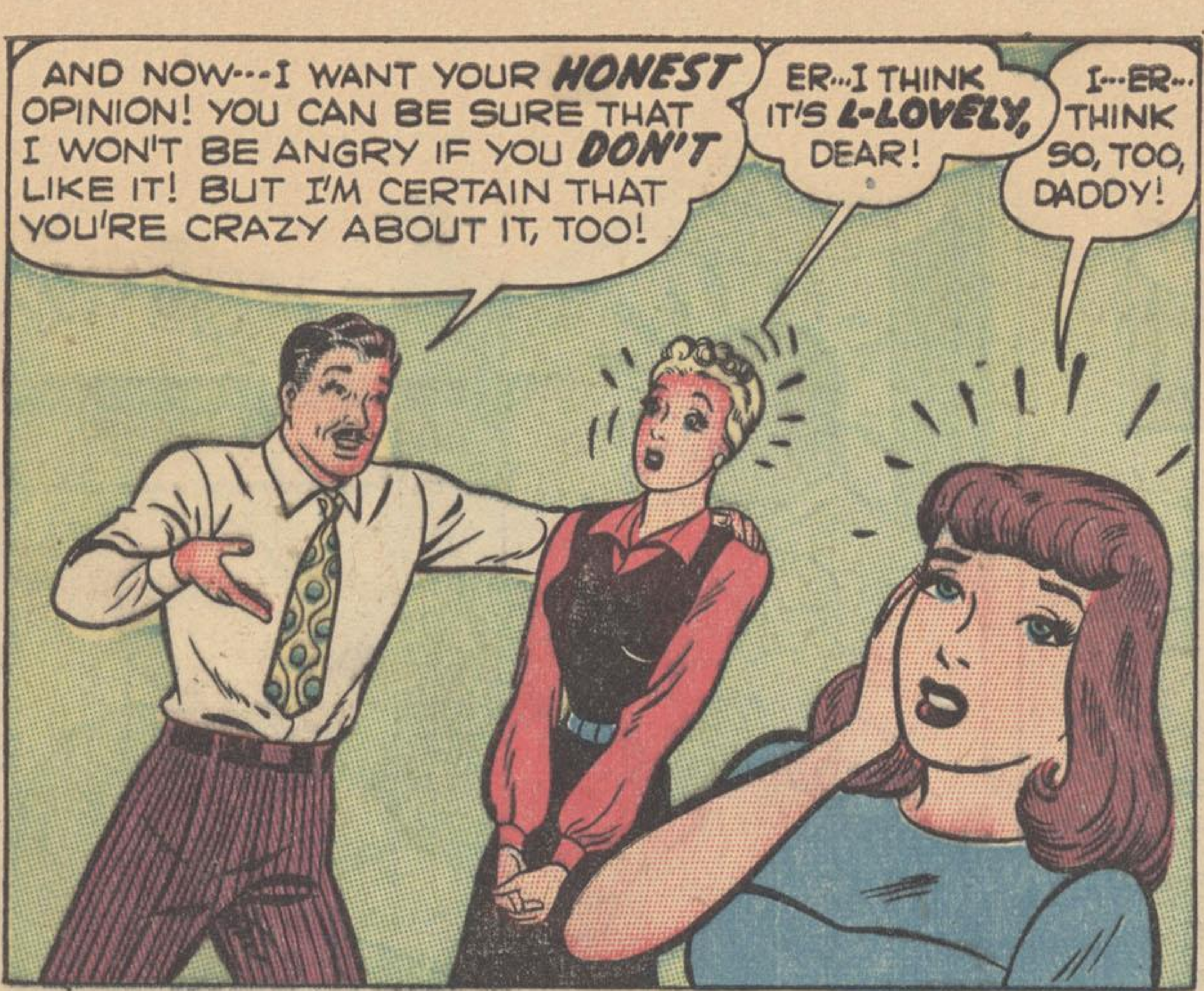

PATSY WALKER IN
"SMART ABOUT ART!"
I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR OUR MANTEL!
NO! I HAVE THE UNIQUE THING FOR IT!
BUT WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE!
2767

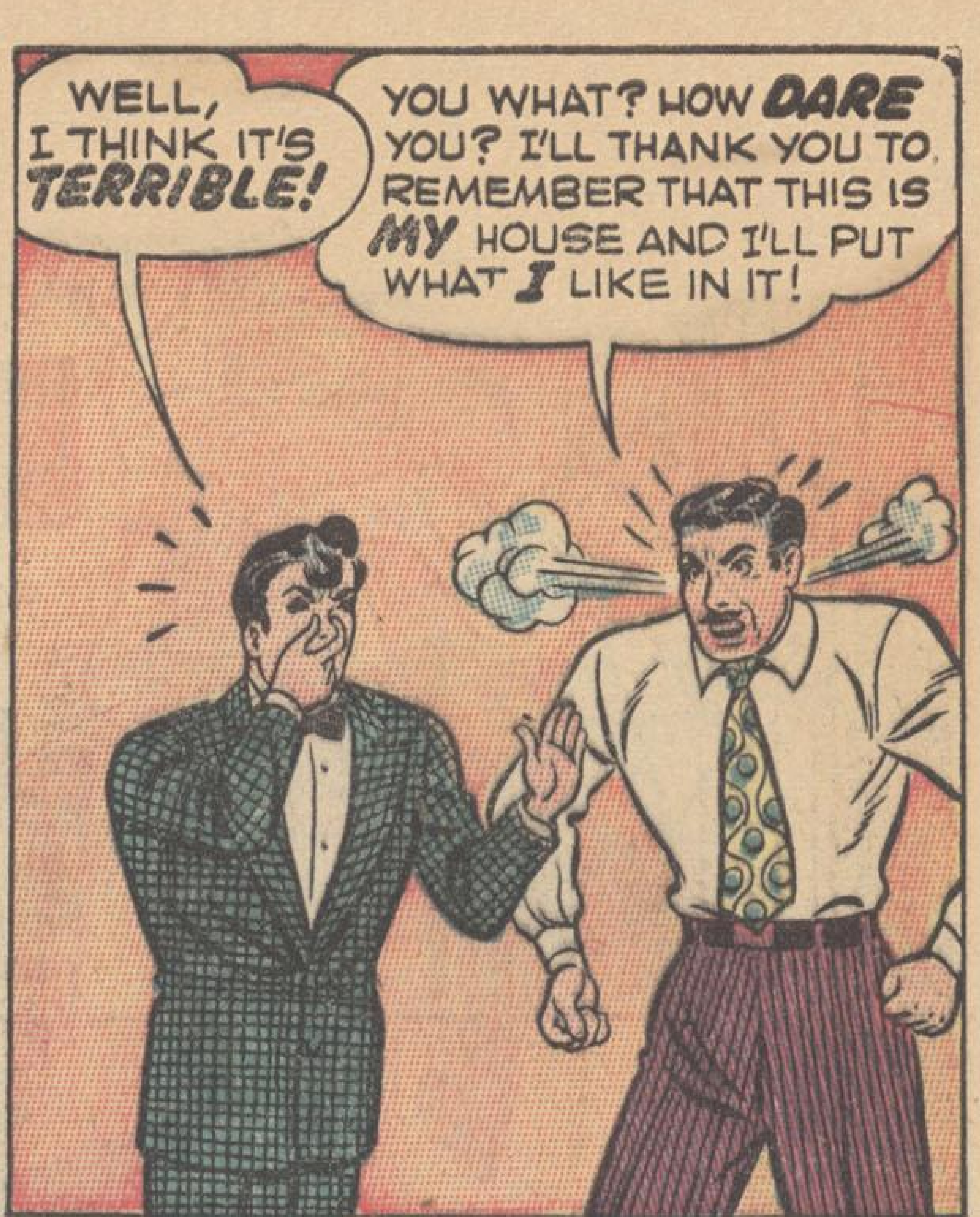

HELLO, HELLO! HEY, WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

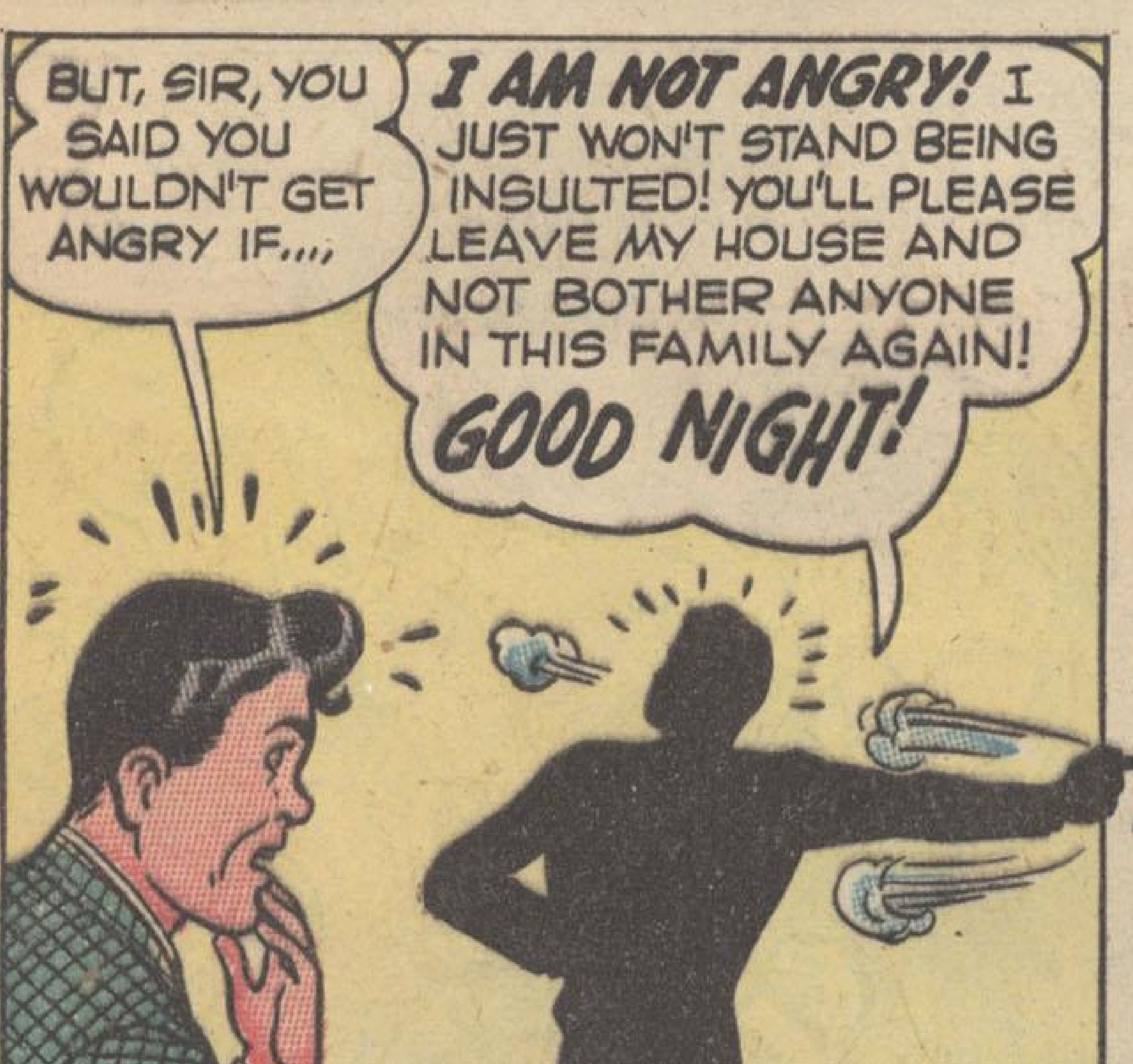

SH-H-H! DADDY, QUIET, PLEASE! BUZZ IS CONCENTRATING!
HUH? SO WHAT? HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
1

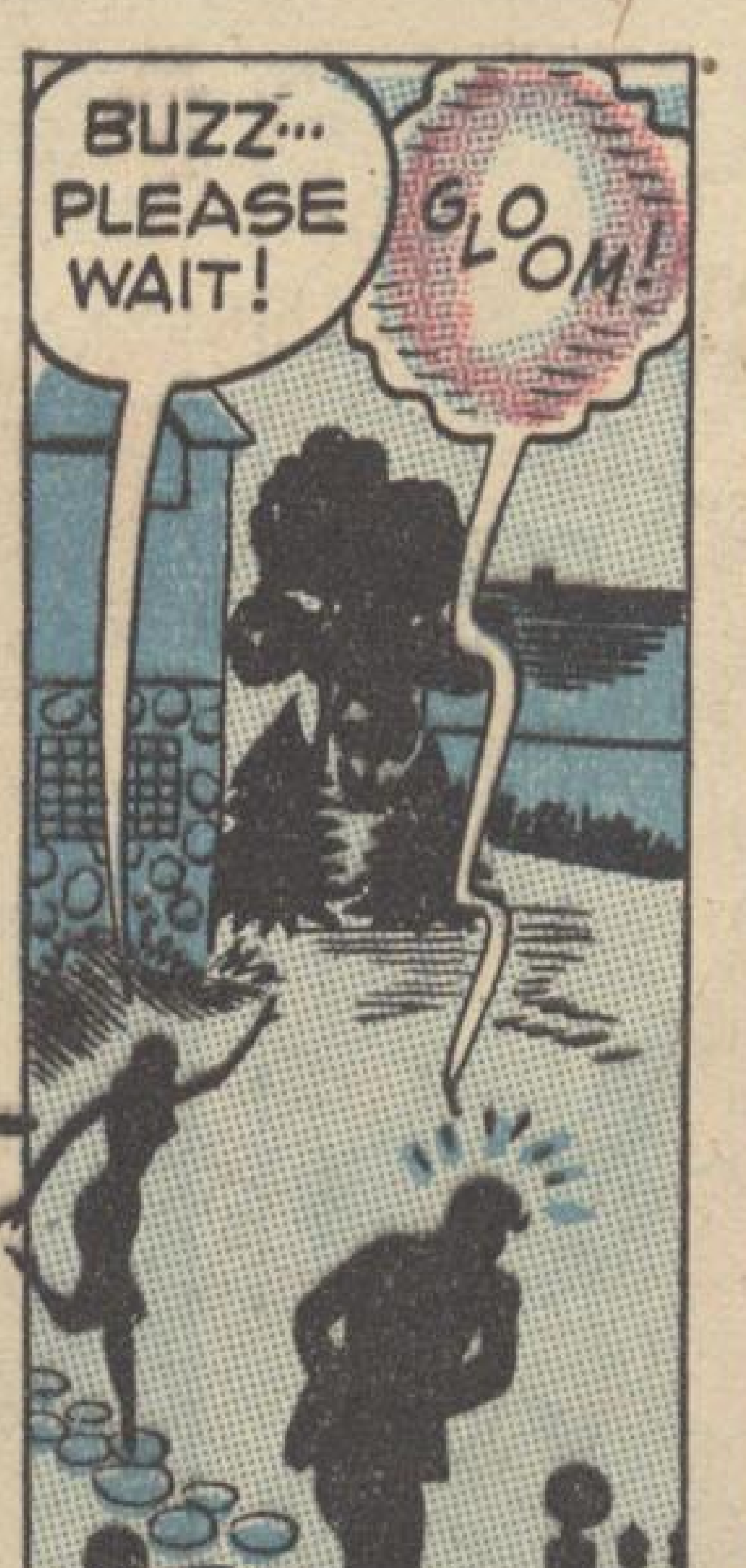
BUZZ IS CENTERVILLE HIGH'S BEST ART STUDENT! HE GOT 90 IN THE LAST EXAM! NOW HE IS ENGAGED IN DEEP MEDITATION, TRYING TO PLAN WHAT TYPE OF "OBJET D'ART" TO PUT ON THE **MANTELPIECE!**
I CAN'T SEE WHY **THAT** SHOULD BE SUCH A GREAT PROBLEM!
PLEASE, MR. WALKER! IT IS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS THAT YOU HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST KNOWLEDGE OF **DYNAMIC SYMMETRY, SPACE, SHAPE, LIGHT** AND **SHADOW!**
PERHAPS NOT, MY YOUNG CHUM, BUT I DO KNOW THAT I CAN VERY EASILY PICK UP A KNICK-KNACK FOR THE MANTELPIECE WITHOUT ALL THIS HOCUS-POCUS!
SIR, I'M AFRAID I MUST **DISAGREE** WITH YOU!
THEN I'LL **PROVE** IT! TOMORROW I WILL BRING HOME SOMETHING THAT WILL FIT PERFECTLY!
AND I'LL USE THE APPROACH OF SCIENCE AND ART! I'M SURE YOU'LL SEE HOW **SUPERIOR** THAT WILL BE!
NEXT DAY.....
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE FOOLISH THAN ALL THE FUSS THEY'RE MAKING OVER A SIMPLE..... **AH!** THERE'S **JUST** WHAT WE NEED!
ANTIQUES
AND MEANWHILE...
BUT, BUZZ, WE'VE BEEN TO ALL THE ART STORES IN TOWN AND WE STILL DON'T HAVE **ANYTHING!**
PATIENCE, PLEASE.... PATSY! WE DON'T WANT TO USE THE HIT-AND-MISS METHOD YOUR FATHER USES!
ART SHO
2

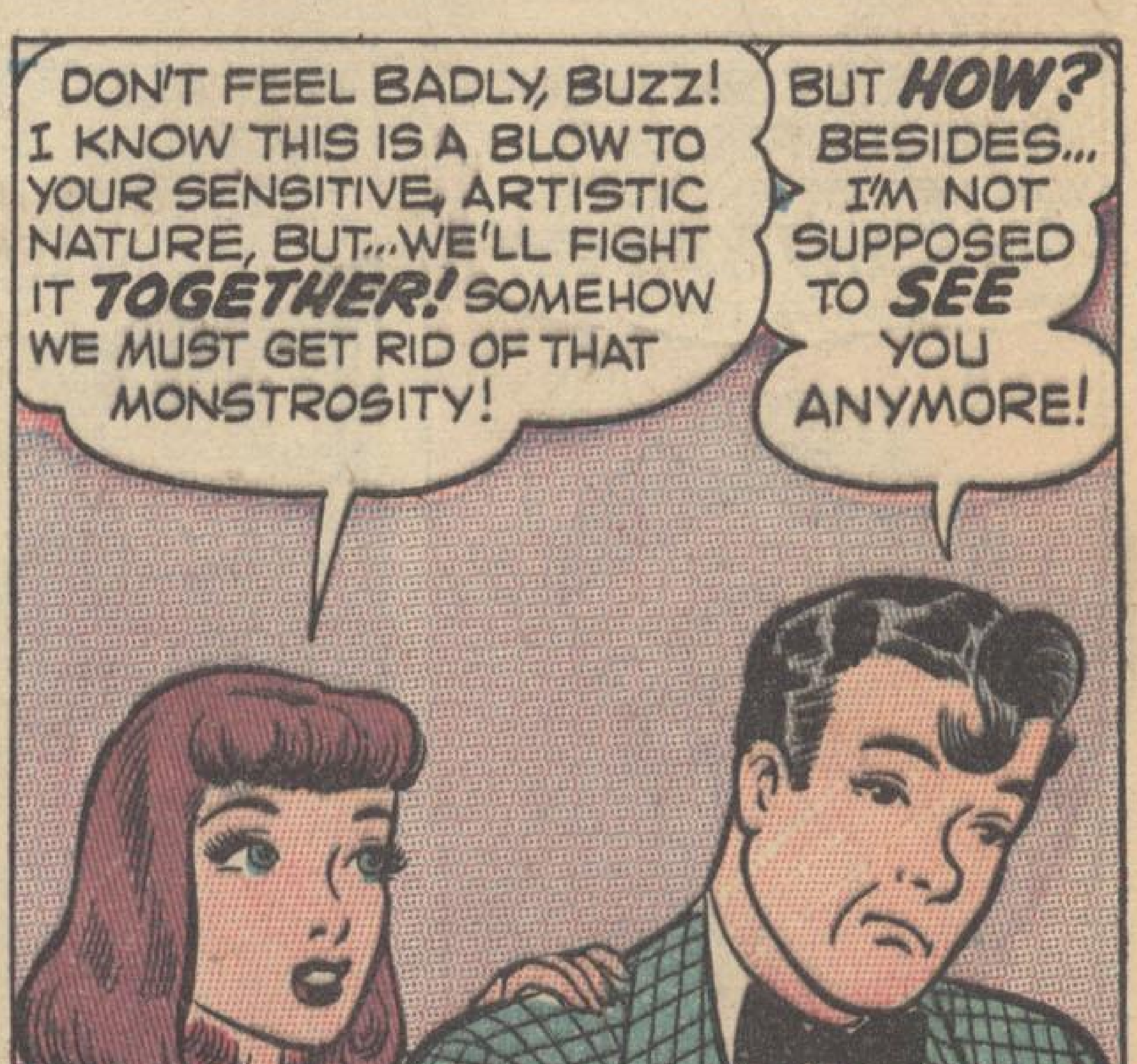
WELL, CHILDREN, DID YOU GET ANYTHING?
NO, NOTHING! BUZZ THINKS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON LOOKING TILL WE SEE JUST THE PERFECT THING!
YES! THE SEARCH MAY TAKE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT, BUT THE RESULTS WILL PROVE IT'S WORTH IT!
WELL, YOUR SEARCH IS OVER!
I DON'T MEAN TO GLOAT OVER BUZZ' FAILURE, BUT I'M EXCITED ABOUT MY SUCCESS! IN THIS BOX IS EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT! IT'S BEAUTIFUL.....A WORK OF ART.....A MASTERPIECE!
HURRY, DADDY, LET'S SEE IT!
I MAY NOT HAVE HAD A FORMAL EDUCATION IN ART, BUT WHEN YOU SEE THIS, YOU'LL RESPECT MY MATURE JUDGMENT!
NOW I'LL PLACE IT ON THE MANTELPIECE! THERE!! I'LL BET YOU'RE ALL SPEECHLESS..... DAZED BY ITS SHEER BEAUTY!
NOT ONLY IS IT BREATHTAKINGLY LOVELY... BUT IT'S PRACTICAL, TOO! IT TELLS TIME!!
3

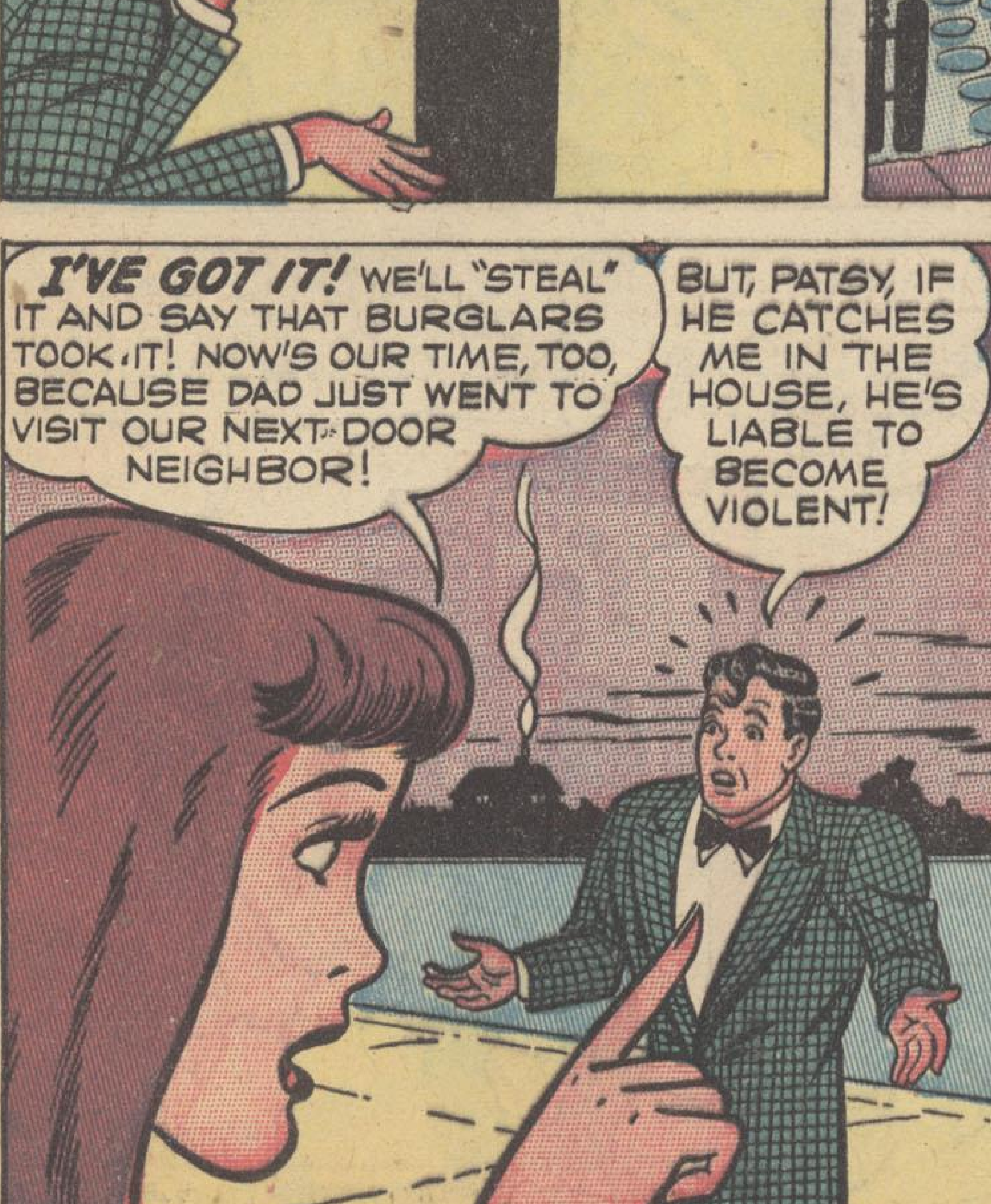

AND NOW---I WANT YOUR **HONEST** OPINION! YOU CAN BE SURE THAT I WON'T BE ANGRY IF YOU **DON'T** LIKE IT! BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT IT, TOO!
ER...I THINK IT'S **L-LOVELY,** DEAR!
I---ER-- THINK SO, TOO, DADDY!

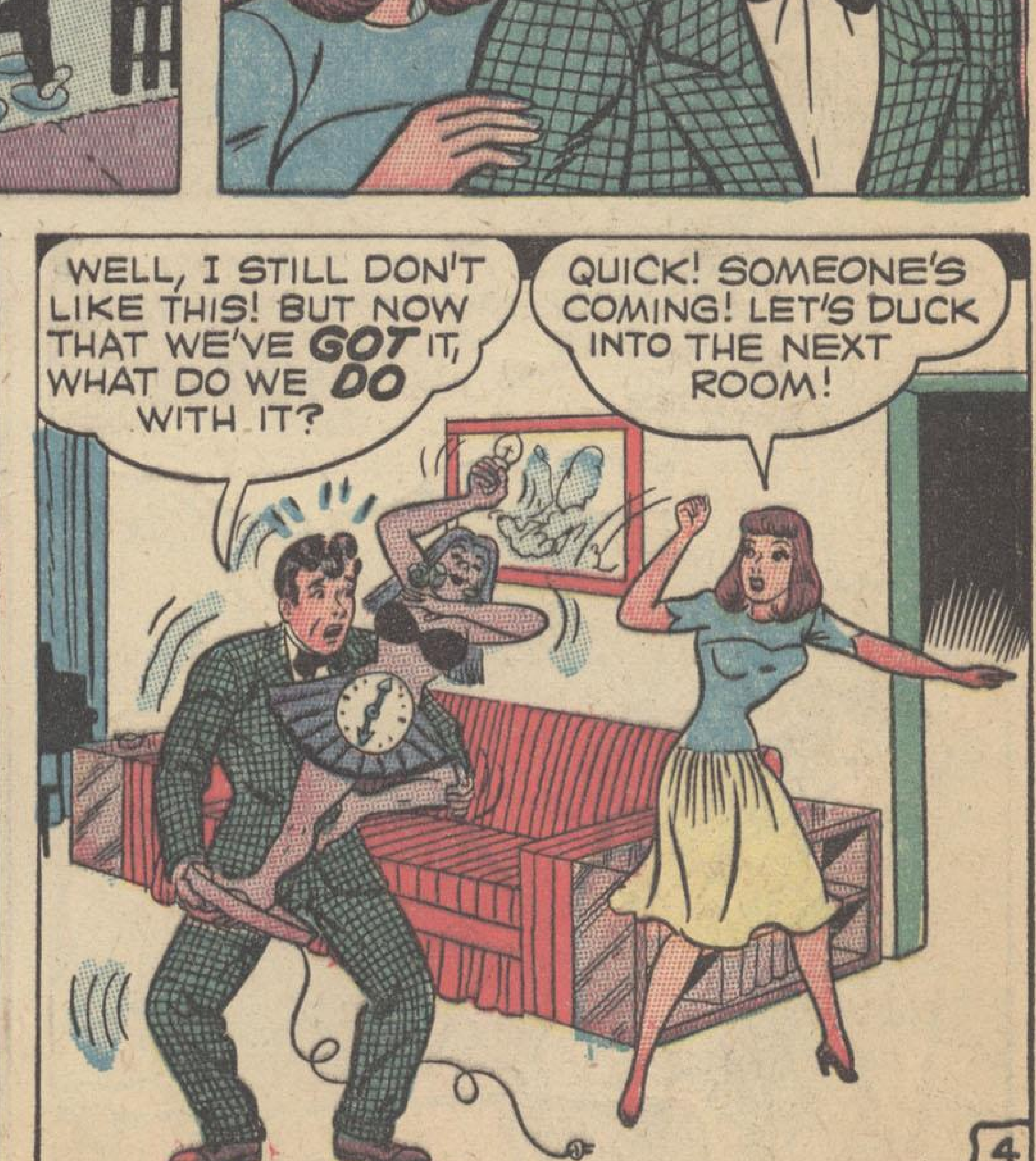

WELL, I THINK IT'S **TERRIBLE!**
YOU WHAT? HOW **DARE** YOU? I'LL THANK YOU TO REMEMBER THAT THIS IS **MY** HOUSE AND I'LL PUT WHAT **I** LIKE IN IT!


BUT, SIR, YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T GET ANGRY IF...,
I AM NOT ANGRY! I JUST WON'T STAND BEING INSULTED! YOU'LL PLEASE LEAVE MY HOUSE AND NOT BOTHER ANYONE IN THIS FAMILY AGAIN! **GOOD NIGHT!**


BUZZ... PLEASE WAIT!
GLOOM!


DON'T FEEL BADLY, BUZZ! I KNOW THIS IS A BLOW TO YOUR SENSITIVE, ARTISTIC NATURE, BUT...WE'LL FIGHT IT **TOGETHER!** SOMEHOW WE MUST GET RID OF THAT MONSTROSITY!
BUT **HOW?** BESIDES... I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO **SEE** YOU ANYMORE!


I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL "STEAL" IT AND SAY THAT BURGLARS TOOK IT! NOW'S OUR TIME, TOO, BECAUSE DAD JUST WENT TO VISIT OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR!
BUT, PATSY, IF HE CATCHES ME IN THE HOUSE, HE'S LIABLE TO BECOME VIOLENT!

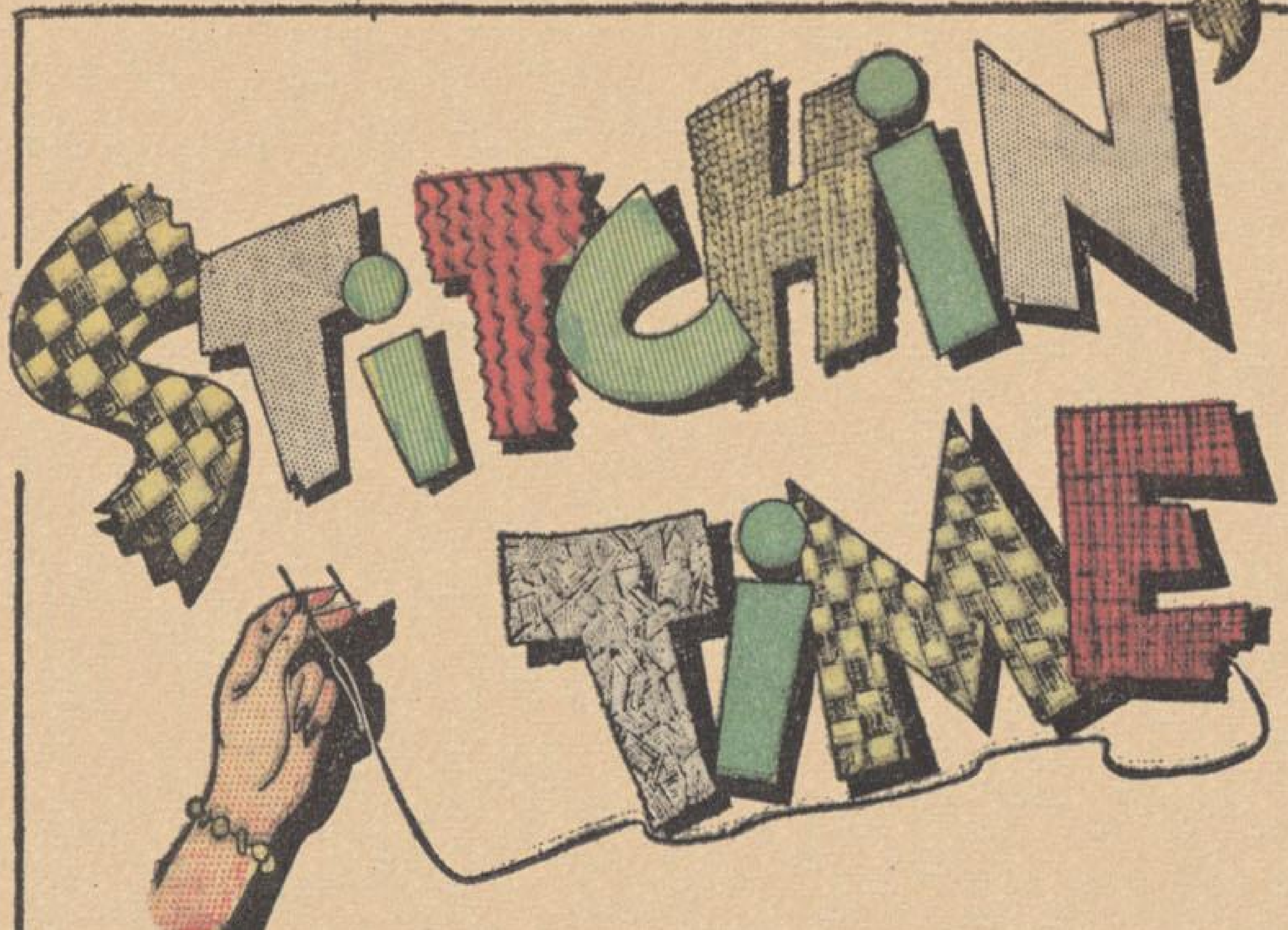

WELL, I STILL DON'T LIKE THIS! BUT NOW THAT WE'VE **GOT** IT, WHAT DO WE **DO** WITH IT?
QUICK! SOMEONE'S COMING! LET'S DUCK INTO THE NEXT ROOM!
4

JIM, JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE THIS MASTERPIECE! IT'S SIMPLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!
I MUST SEE IT NOW! YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED RAVING ABOUT IT FOR A MINUTE!
YIPE! IT'S GONE! HELP! POLICE! IT'S BEEN KIDNAPED!
CALM DOWN, STAN! THE POLICE WILL HEAR YOU MUCH BETTER OVER THE PHONE!
POLICE? COME AT ONCE! MY BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS STOLEN FROM THE **MANTELPIECE!**
....THE **MANTELPIECE??** CAN YOU GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THIS GIRL?
SHE'S ABOUT THREE FEET TALL...HAS A CLOCK IN HER STOMACH AND THE BULB IN HER HAND LIGHTS UP AT NIGHT!
?
?
P.D.
LOOK, NAPOLEON! WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS? WHOEVER HEARD OF A GIRL WALKING AROUND WITH A CLOCK IN HER STOMACH AND A BULB IN HER HAND?
DON'T BE A FOOL! THIS IS **NOT** A **REAL** GIRL! IT'S A STATUE.... AND **PRICELESS!!** NOW **DO** SOMETHING, WILL YOU?
MEANWHILE...
HE'S CALLED THE POLICE...NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
LEAVE IT HERE AND CLEAR OUT-BEFORE HE **CATCHES** YOU!
5

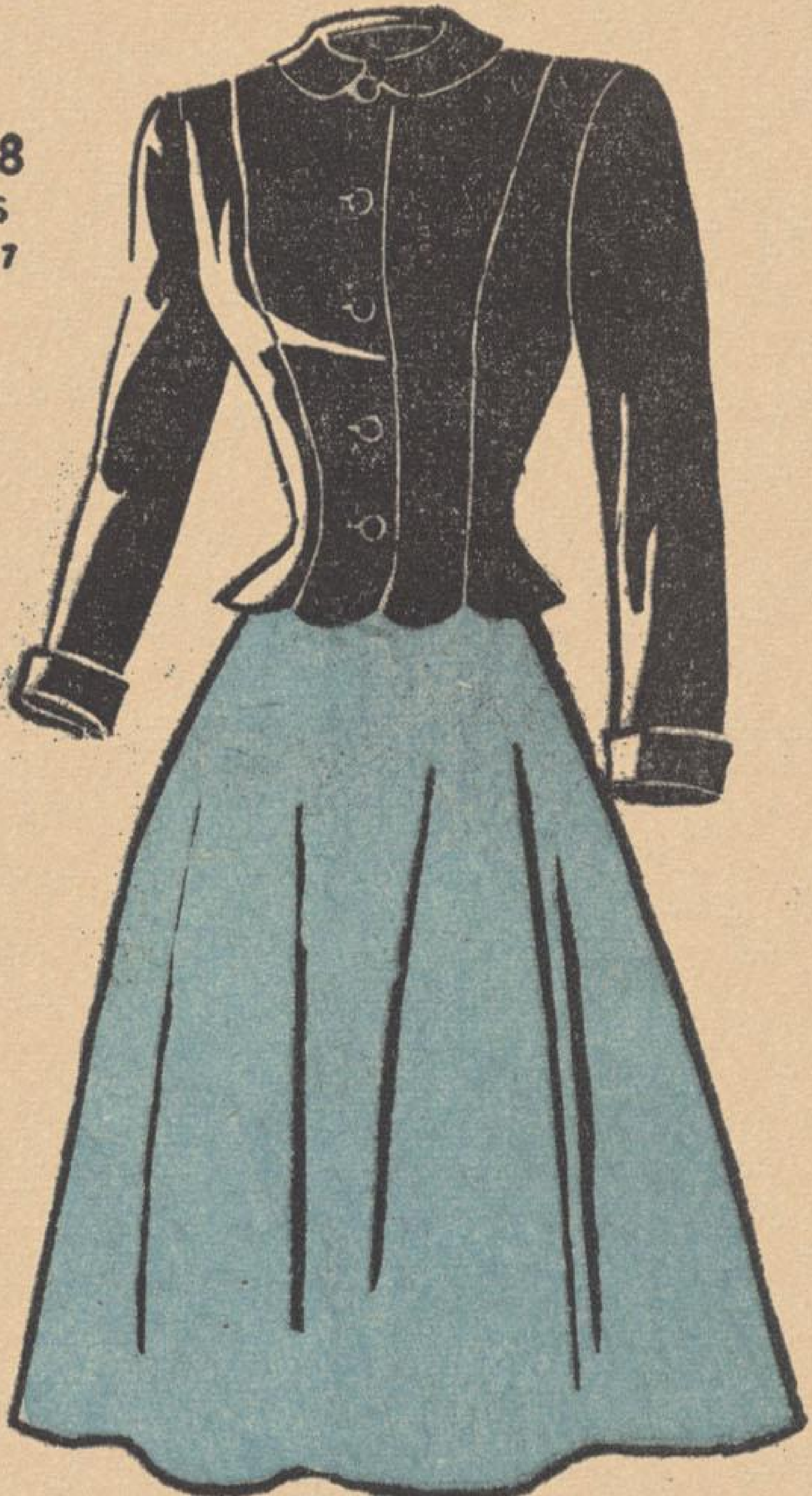
OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! WHO COULD'VE BEEN SO MEAN AS TO STEAL MY PRICELESS......
JIM, LOOK! IT'S HERE..I'VE FOUND IT! HOORAY!
JIM, WHAT'S WRONG? **SAY** SOMETHING!
OH---GULP---ER--UGH! IT'S LOVELY... BUT SUDDENLY I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! MY STOMACH, Y'KNOW! I'D BETTER LEAVE NOW...UGH!
WHY, MR. SMITH, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SO **PALE!**
FRANKLY, PATSY, I SAW STAN'S **FIND!** IF IT WERE IN **MY** HOUSE... **I'D MOVE!**
I KNOW, MR. SMITH, BUT FATHER IS SO FOND OF THAT HIDEOUS ATROCITY, THAT WE HAVEN'T THE HEART TO **TELL** HIM!
I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, BUT AS FOR ME..... UGH...I COULDN'T **TAKE** IT!
SO **THAT'S** IT! I GUESS I'VE BEEN A **FOOL!** THE ONLY DECENT THING TO DO IS GET RID OF IT! I'LL TELL 'EM IT WAS STOLEN...AND WE'LL **ALL** BE HAPPY!
LATER...
HEY, JUST A MINUTE, BUD! SOME CRACKPOT JUST CALLED US ABOUT A STATUE THAT LOOKS **AMAZINGLY** LIKE THE ONE YOU'RE CARRYING!
OH...YOU SEE, I'M THE...ER.. CRACKPOT.... ER...I MEAN... I'M THE...AH... *PERSON* WHO CALLED YOU ABOUT IT!
OH, YEAH? HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT *LYING?* CAN YOU **PROVE** IT?
WELL...ER...THAT IS...
SAY, THERE'S **BUZZ!** WHAT LUCK! **HE'LL** IDENTIFY ME!
6

BUZZ, PLEASE TELL THIS OFFICER WHO I AM!
BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! HAVE WE MET?
ALL RIGHT, BUD, COME ALONG QUIETLY!
BUZZY! FORGIVE WHAT I SAID TO YOU BEFORE.. PLEASE HELP ME...I'LL DO **ANYTHING** FOR YOU!
ANYTHING? HM-M-M-
OFFICER, I DO SEEM TO KNOW THIS GENTLEMAN! HE'S MR. WALKER AND HIS DAUGHTER HAS A NICE BOY FRIEND WHO CAN VISIT HER **ANY** TIME! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. WALKER?
YES, BUZZ!
LATER...
NOW, DADDY, CAN BUZZ PICK OUT THE ORNAMENT? IT MAY TAKE TIME TO FIND, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT!
YES! I **WANT NO MORE** OF THIS AFFAIR AND I'LL **PROVE** IT!
?
?
SMASH!
EUREKA! I'VE **FOUND** IT! JUST THE MODERN TOUCH WE **NEED**!
? ? ?
THERE!
7
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



9498
SIZES
11—17



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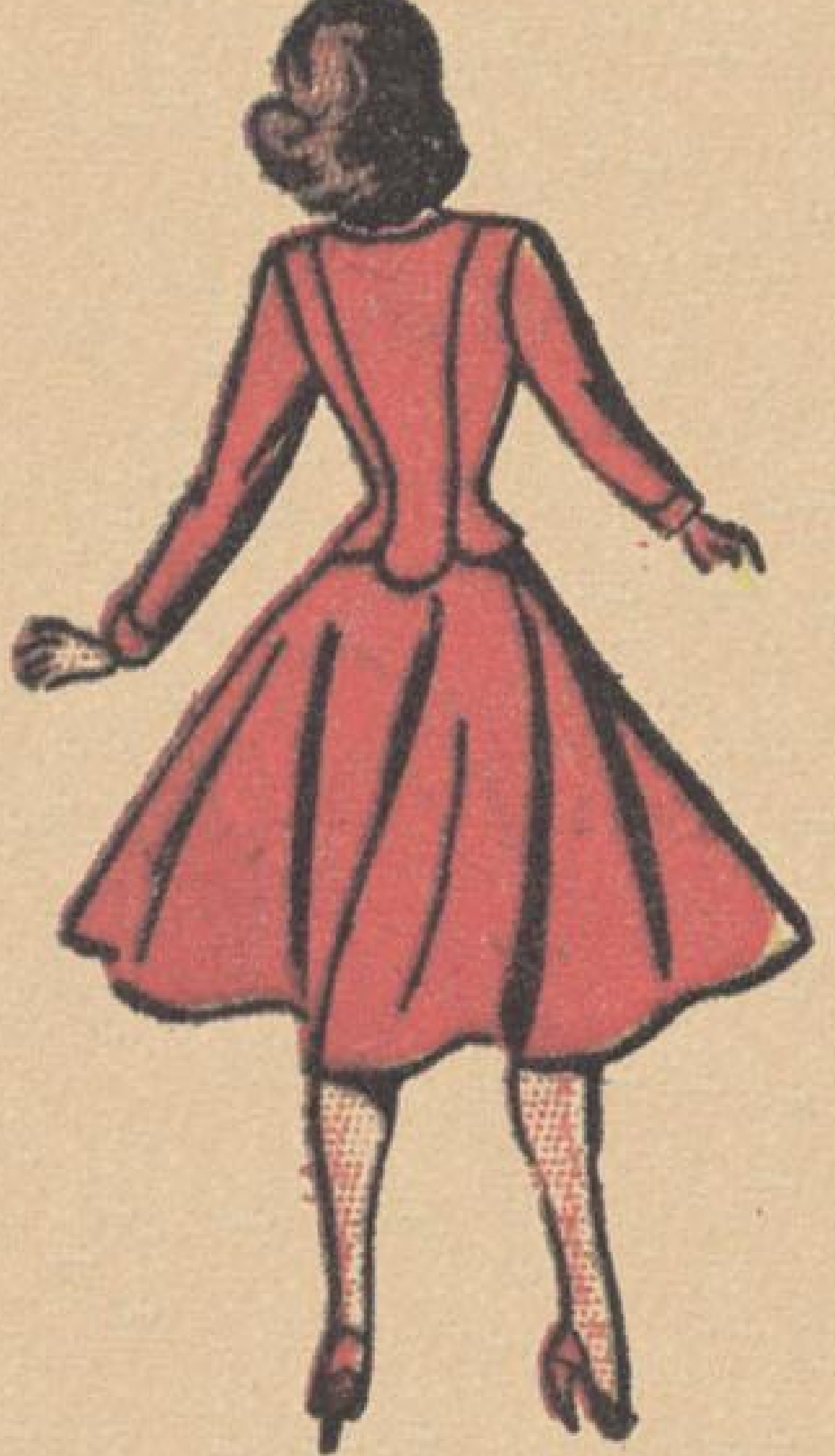
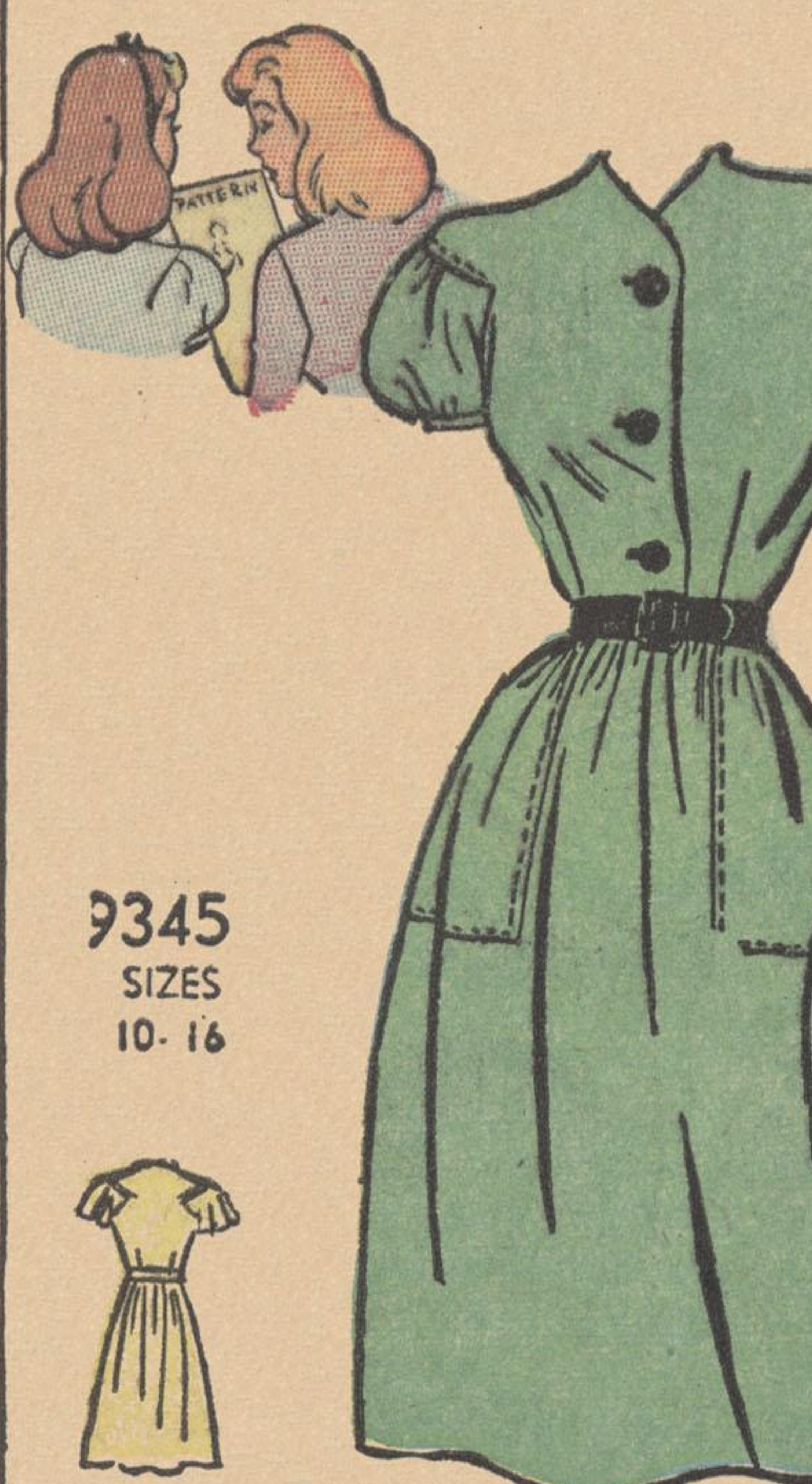
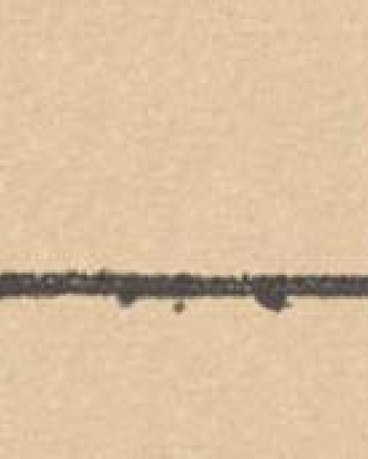


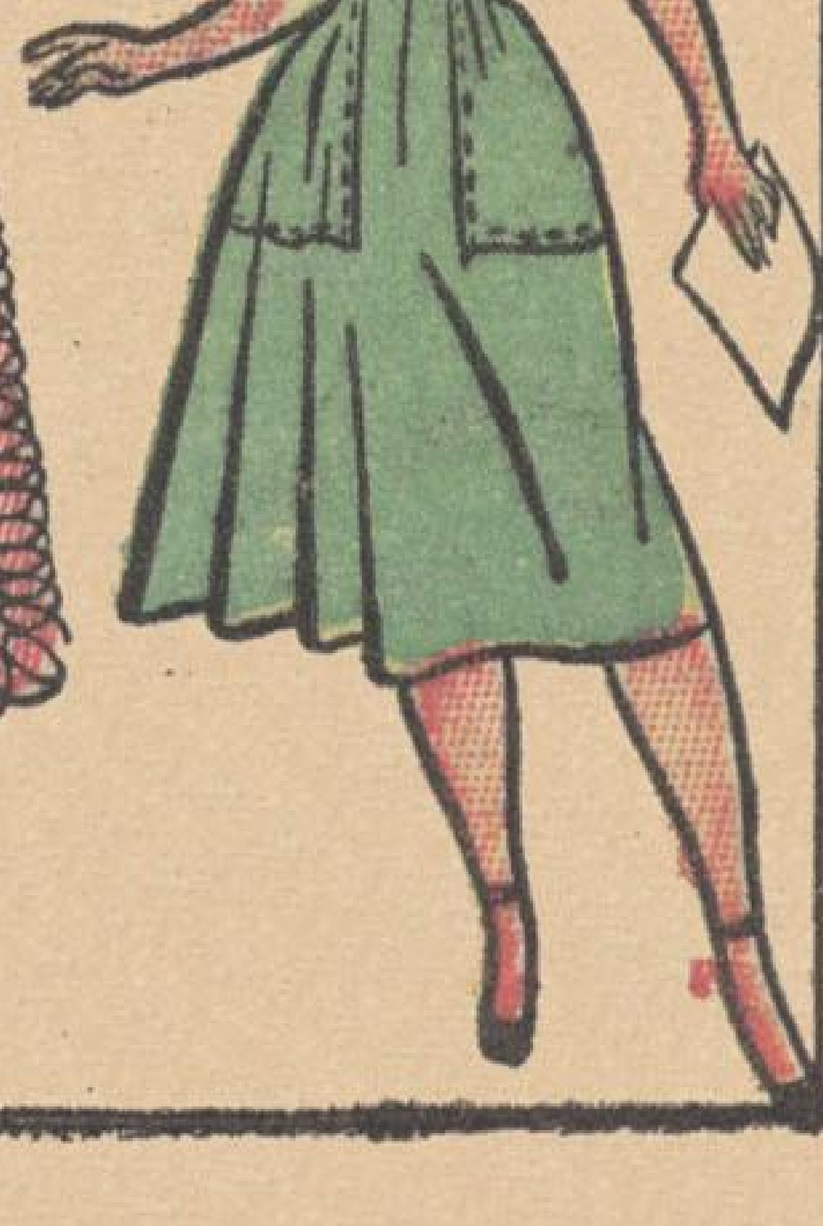
9498- WHAT A CHARMFUL ARMFUL YOU'LL BE IN THIS NEAT TWO PIECER! IT HAS A FLATTERING WAIST HUGGING PETAL-EDGED JACKET OVER A HUGE CARTWHEEL SKIRT THAT SURE DOES GET AROUND. THE SKIRT IS CUT IN JUST TWO PIECES. COMES IN JR. MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13, SKIRT, 2¾ YARDS, 54-INCH; JACKET, 2¼ YARDS, 35-INCH NAP.



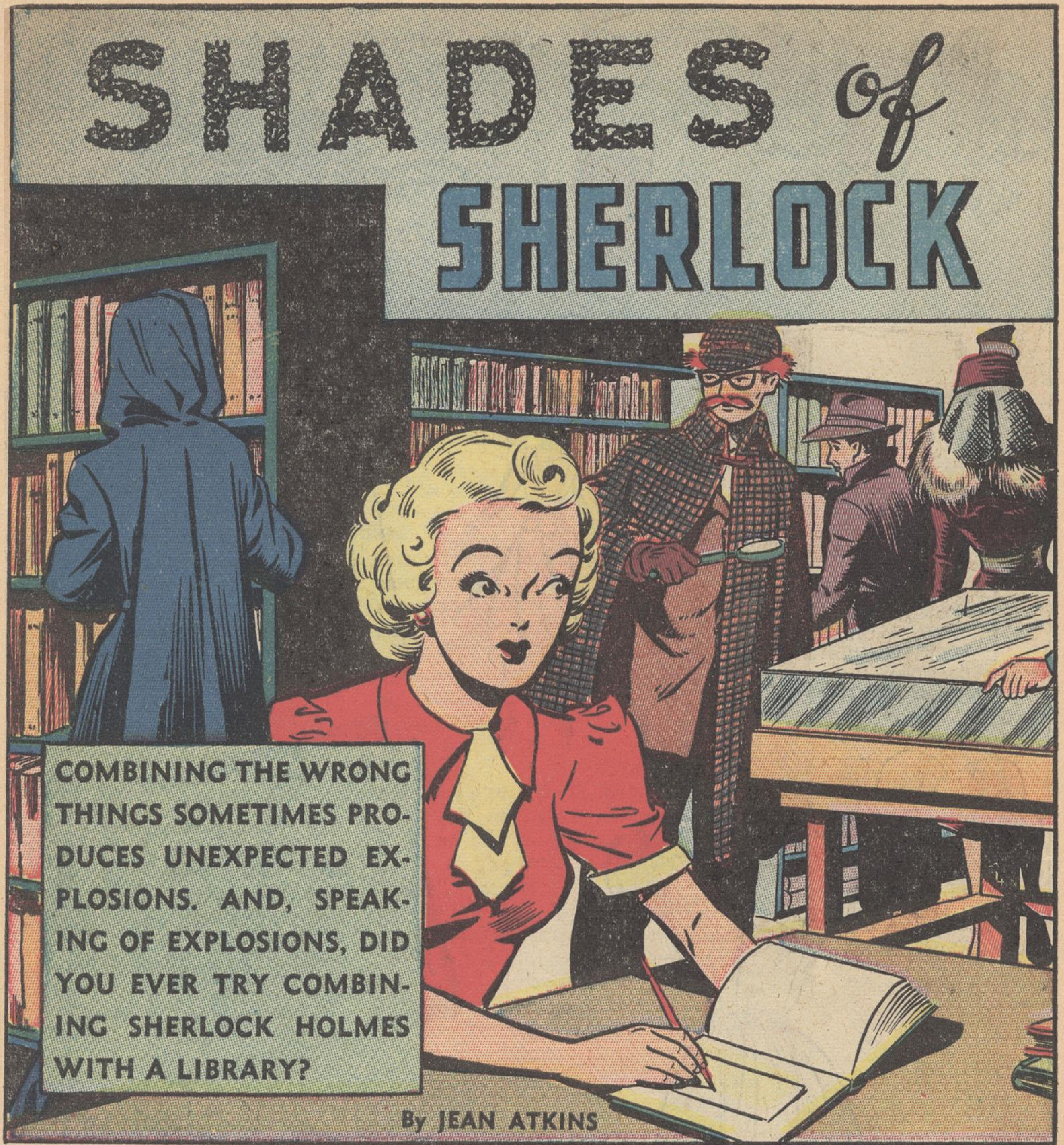
9345
SIZES
10- 16



9345- HITCH ON TO THE FASHION TREND--OFF THE SHOULDER LINE, SMALLER WAIST, LARGER HIPS, ALL ADD UP TO THE NEW LOOK! IT ALSO HAS ENORMOUS PATCH POCKETS. EASY TO SEW. SIZES 10, 12, 14, 16. SIZE 12 TAKES 2¾ YARDS OF 39-INCH MATERIAL.



SHADES of SHERLOCK



COMBINING THE WRONG THINGS SOMETIMES PRODUCES UNEXPECTED EXPLOSIONS. AND, SPEAKING OF EXPLOSIONS, DID YOU EVER TRY COMBINING SHERLOCK HOLMES WITH A LIBRARY?

By JEAN ATKINS

IF I had been asked six months ago what the dullest spot in the world was, I'd probably have replied, "The Baskerville Public Library."

How wrong I would have been!

During my short and un-bookish span of life my acquaintance with the Baskerville Library had been distinctly of the nodding sort—until shortly before last Christmas, that is. It had been the place I'd retired to, to dredge up research for English and history themes. Aside from such occasions, the library was never warmed by the glow of my vigorous personality.

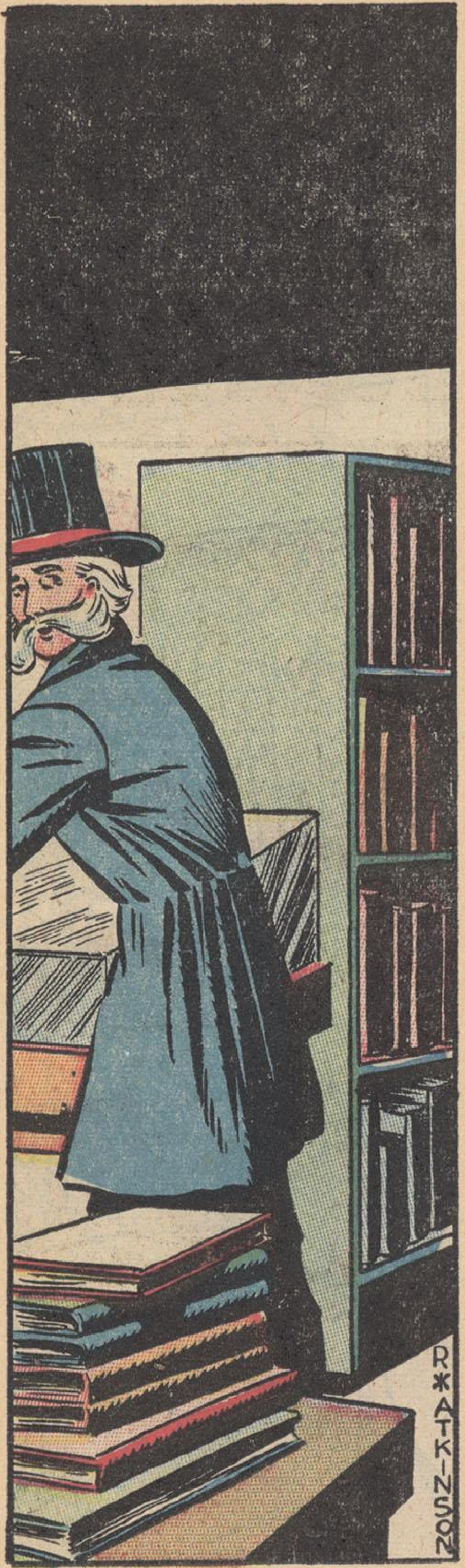
Then, a few weeks before Christmas, I came to the abrupt realization that my plans for the holidays and my allowance were vastly out of balance. To remedy this situation, I decided that some part time work would be just the thing. Now where can a girl of seventeen, with blue eyes, tawny locks, freckles, and a brain that prefers to exercise itself skidding down ski slopes, find a job? You won't be more surprised than I was. In, of all places, the Baskerville Public Library!

I was taken on as a fill-in attendant from four to six each afternoon, the hour when Miss Sanderson left till the hour when Miss Cudgins arrived. My opinion on accepting the job was clear and unvarnished. It would be deadly dull—in fact, martyrdom by boredom, to be endured for a short time only because of financial considerations.

I'm still there!

Life in the library became actually intriguing the day we received the original manuscript of a Sherlock Holmes story for a five day exhibition. We'd been granted the loan of this famous detective tale by its present owners because, I suppose, our one-trolley city is named Baskerville. Anyway, its arrival caused enough excitement and mystery to be worthy of the great man hunter himself!

We displayed the manuscript in a tightly sealed glass case in a little alcove at the rear of the library. All employees, including the janitor, were cautioned to keep a watchful eye on it. The very thought of losing such a valuable document was enough to send us into shivers.



That afternoon, while I was on duty, an odd-looking creature entered the library. I glanced apprehensively about the nearly empty room, spotted Joe, the janitor, at the basement door, and returned my gaze more confidently to the stranger.

He was rather tall, wore heavy-rimmed glasses, a Scotch plaid cape, and a fiercely bristling red mustache. A hat slouched over one eye, and he leaned heavily on a knobby cane. I had never in my life laid eyes on such an improbable looking character.

He sidled up to the desk and spoke in a harsh whisper. "Is all well?"

I gaped. "Huh?"

He glared significantly about the room. "Is all well?" This time his whisper cracked and went shrill.

"Well, uh, yes . . . I . . . I guess so." By now, I'd decided he was a bit eccentric. Cautiously, I eased away from the desk.

He grinned scornfully, watching me. The mustache lifted, tickled his nose. There was a violent sneeze. . . . Next moment there was no mustache!

I gasped. Then, with a sweeping motion, I yanked at the thick glasses, knocked off the hat, and lifted the thick red wig.

"Ellery!" I yelped. "Ellery Smith!"

A self-conscious boy, with straw-colored hair and a foolish grin, stood there before me.

"Ellery, what are you up to now?" I demanded. Ever since Ellery had learned there was a famous fictional detective with the same name, he'd had his queer moments. But this topped them all!

The foolish grin grew wider. "I can explain . . ." he mumbled. Then, glancing around hastily, he picked up the mustache, slipped it on, settled the wig, and clapped the hat on his head. "There might be something funny going on," he confided behind a cupped palm.

"Such as?"

"The Sherlock Holmes manuscript. Somebody might try to take it." He grinned at me. "But you needn't worry — not with Ellery Smith for a watchdog!"

I was on the verge of an impolite remark concerning the hound of Baskerville, when a lady distracted me with an armful of books. Ellery shambled off on a tour of the book stacks, bestowing sharp glances right and left. Silly boy, I thought. But—he *was* cute!

A few minutes later he passed me again, winking conspiratorially, and lurched awkwardly on his cane out the door. Evidently, I decided, all was secure.

At a quarter of six Joe, the janitor, approached the desk, shrugging into his coat. "I'm leaving now," he said. Then he paused and grinned at me. "By the way, that boy friend of yours is quite a character!"

"Ellery?" I blushed a bit. "Did you notice that little episode?"

"Yeah." Joe's voice was amused. "What was the disguise for?"

"Oh, he thought he was protecting our manuscript exhibit. But I guess he got hungry and went home to supper."

"Great idea. That's where I'm going." At the door Joe turned, adjusting a hat carefully over his bald pate. "Sure you can handle everything?"

"Yes, thanks."

When Joe had left, I looked about the library. It seemed deserted at the moment, though bulking book stacks cut off a good deal of the view. I looked at my watch, then fell to work. Fifteen minutes to go, and I had a hundred cards to file.

Once, as I concentrated over the cards, I thought I heard a queer, scratching sound. I listened a moment—there was utter silence so I returned to my work.

I was astonished five minutes later to see a man stroll around the corner of one of the stacks and saunter leisurely toward the door. He nodded pleasantly as he passed, and, as he was carrying no books, I merely nodded back. He was a short, stout man, with gray hair, bushy eyebrows, and neatly trimmed gray beard. There was something familiar about his walk, but I couldn't remember having seen him before.

My eyes followed him dumbly. Then, as the door swung to behind him, I suddenly recalled that vague sound of scratching. With a bound I leaped from the desk, sped along the aisle to the manuscript . . . .

The case was empty!

A neat square of glass had been cut from its side, and the manuscript slipped through the opening. My knees suddenly weak, I leaned against the case for a moment. How stupid I had been, not to have paid more attention to that scratching sound!

A clatter of high heels came through the front door. Miss Cudgins, the evening librarian, had arrived. I rushed to her and poured out the story in gasping, disjointed phrases. With white face but steady hands, Miss Cudgins turned to the phone. "Give me the Police!"

A siren screamed . . . brakes squealed . . . uniformed men poured in. Curious Baskervillians trotted at their heels, formed a circle around us. At the very edge was Ellery's quizzical face, drawn into an attentive squint.

I told my story a dozen times and finally I was permitted to go. I found Ellery on the steps, waiting to walk me home.

I couldn't help reproaching him. "Ellery, the watchhound!" I scoffed.

He didn't even wince. He was too busy being delighted. "A crime right here in Baskerville," he crowed. "Just what I've been waiting for!"

I saw what he meant. Now he'd get his chance to do some detecting—for all the good that would probably do.

"Let's see," he frowned thoughtfully, the complete sleuth now. "Fingerprints? No, the thief would be too smart for that. Was the gray-haired man wearing gloves?"

"I didn't notice," I responded wearily.

"He's the culprit, you can bet on that," Ellery continued wisely. "But how to catch him? No clues . . . If the police do find any, we won't hear about 'em. Hmm."

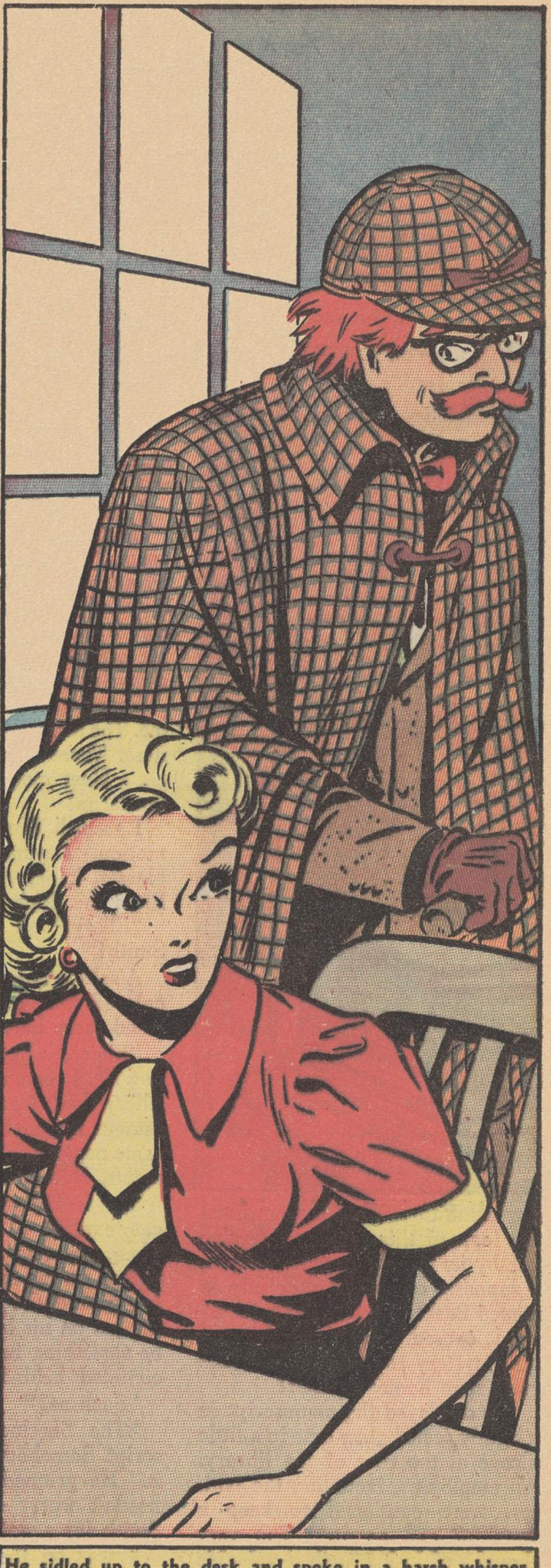
"Ellery," I suggested, "why don't you just let the police worry about it?"

"What?" Ellery was shocked. "Is that what Sherlock Holmes would have done?"

I was afraid not.

"Let me think—what would he have done?" Ellery puzzled for a moment, then his face lit up. "I've got it!"

I waited, mildly agog, to hear the inspiration.



He sidled up to the desk and spoke in a harsh whisper. "Is all well?"

"It's elementary! When all other resources fail," Ellery rattled learnedly, "we must bear in mind that the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime."

"This one won't."

"They always do!" Ellery insisted. "That's what all the books say."

I shook my head dubiously. Still, could all the books be wrong?

"So the thing to do," Ellery concluded triumphantly, "is to haunt the scene of the crime—in other words, the library!"

"In disguise?"

"That," Ellery scowled, "is obvious—not to say elementary!"

. . . The next afternoon I kept an eye open for Ellery. For a half hour there was no sign of him; then, abruptly, the door flew open and an amazing creature strutted in. Another stranger, I thought dismally. This one was attired in a black derby, monocle, wing collar, and delicate swagger stick. He was dapper, distinguished, and startling to see in such a prosaic place as Baskerville.

I tumbled when I glanced at his shoes. They were ordinary brown oxfords, obviously the wrong thing to wear with such an outfit. Ellery, of course, in another of his absurd disguises! He nodded slightly as he passed me, and I stuck out my tongue. He looked startled.

Later I found him leaning against a book stall, pretending to browse through a Greek dictionary. Approaching him silently from behind, I thrust a finger into his back and grated, "Hands up!"

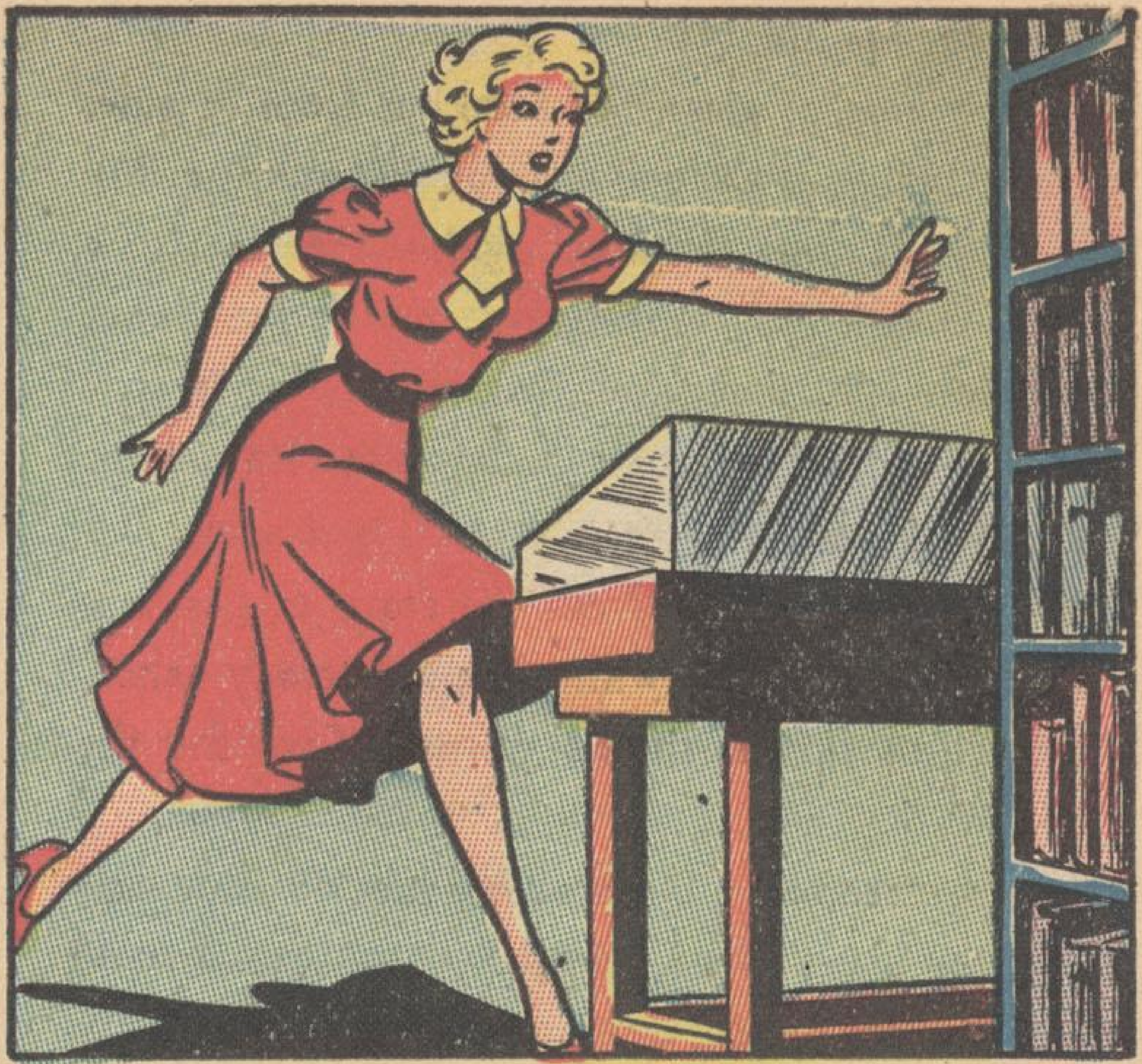
He dropped the book, spun about in terror, then glared at me as he rescrewed the monocle into his eye.

"Ellery," I said softly, "it's a wonderful disguise. You even had me fooled for a minute!"

He grunted; then, glancing about cautiously, he raised a finger to his lips and turned away. "You've found a clue?" I demanded eagerly. He growled again and motioned to me to leave.

"Okay, okay," I said, "but your mustache is on crooked." His fingers patted the elegant black wisp of hair, straightened it. Then he turned and disappeared into another aisle of books.

I was stamping a book two minutes later when my subconscious worked its way through the fog and I realized what was bothering me. Ellery's eyes were brown, and the eye that glared at me through that monacle was—gray! It couldn't have been Ellery after all. Another man in disguise . . . I found myself gasping for breath.



With a bound I leaped from the desk, sped along the aisle to the manuscript . . .

Slowly, my reasoning powers percolated. If it hadn't been Ellery, it must have been the thief! He'd returned to the scene of the crime as Ellery had predicted. But now what was I to do about it? The library seemed empty, Joe was nowhere in sight . . . and where was watchdog Ellery?

I ran to the window, hoping to catch a policeman's eye. Instead I caught Ellery's. This time I was sure it was the complete sleuth himself. He was standing silently on guard before the library, clad in the same disguise he had worn previously. I rapped gently on the window. He wheeled about, caught my signal, and bounded indoors with a great flap of plaid cape and a rattle of knobby cane.

"Ellery, he's here!" In an urgent whisper, I described the stranger as Ellery listened, his eyes gleaming happily.

"I'm going to tackle him," he declared. "When you hear a noise, call for the cops."

"Oh, Ellery, be careful!" I watched him stride off manfully, and suddenly he wasn't cute any more. He was, well—noble!

He was out of sight now behind a stack of books. I heard his voice, "You're under arrest!" There was a dull thud! I reached for the phone. There was a louder thud, then a crash of book shelves! "Police!" I screamed into the phone. "Police, police!" I probably added, "Help, murder!", but I'm not sure.

After a full minute of crashes and bangs, silence descended. In the sudden stillness, I discovered I could unroot my feet from their tracks so I galloped to the rear of the library, expecting to encounter pools of blood.

Instead I was greeted by a rather weird sight. A tall creature, topped by a wild red wig and with a plaid cape hanging in shreds from his shoulders, sat astride the chest of a dapper little man in wing collar and monocle and was tugging enthusiastically at the little man's mustache!

"Oh, Ellery, are you all right?"

"Yeah, but look who I've got here!" Ellery's voice was proud. "Just as I suspected!"

As he pulled the mustache and monocle off the man and shoved back the black toupee to reveal a bald, shining dome, I gasped incredulously.

It was Joe, the janitor!

"Now what did you do with the manuscript, Joe?" Ellery demanded sternly.

Joe grinned and gestured toward the exhibit case. I rushed to it, and there before my unbelieving eyes lay the original Sherlock Holmes manuscript in all its crinkled and tattered glory!

"Ellery, it's back," I observed weakly.

The sleuth frowned and scratched his head. "I don't get it," he confessed. "You took it, didn't you, Joe?"

"Yeah, I took it," Joe smiled apologetically, "and I returned it. You see," he explained, "I never intended to steal it. But ever since I've been a kid, I've been a Sherlock Holmes student, and I just couldn't resist having the manuscript all to myself for an evening."

Ellery nodded sympathetically and rose from Joe's chest. "Sorry if I roughed you up, Joe."

"The pleasure was mine," Joe returned gallantly. "When I saw you come in with that disguise yesterday," he resumed, "it gave me an idea. I've always been a bug about disguises myself. So I quit work early, put on a fat man's disguise, slipped in through the basement door, took the manuscript, slipped it under my coat, and walked out right past the librarian. I got quite a kick out of that."

"I got quite a headache!" I interjected ruefully.

"I'm sorry," Joe apologized. "I didn't mean to cause you trouble. Then today I couldn't resist trying out another disguise when I returned the manuscript. But I guess I slipped up somewhere." He looked puzzled.

I explained about the shoes and the eyes.

"Hmm . . ." Joe turned to Ellery. "That reminds me. Some day you and I'll have to get together and compare disguises. I saw through yours right away."

"Sure," Ellery rejoined eagerly. "Any time!"

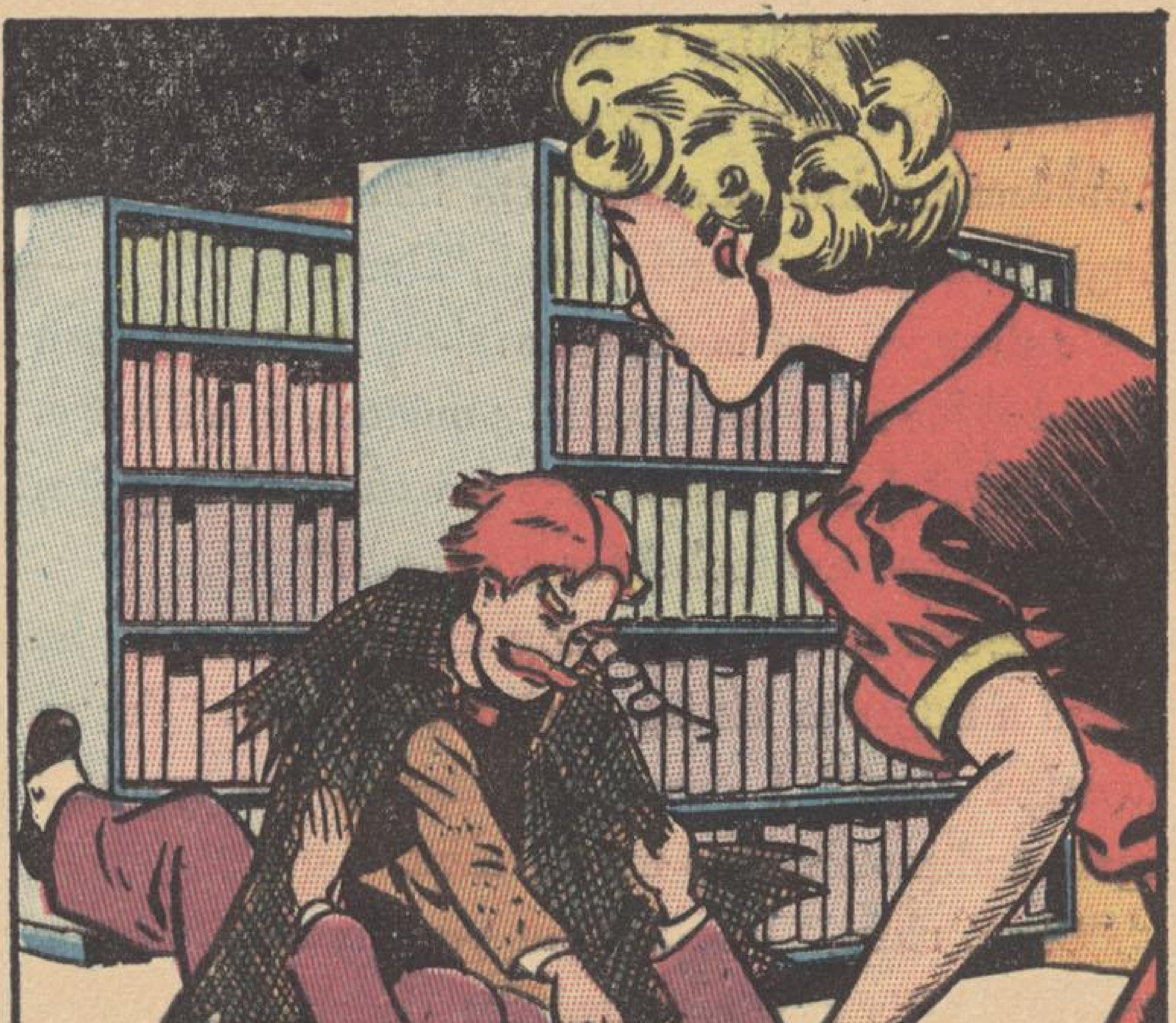
Just then the police arrived . . .

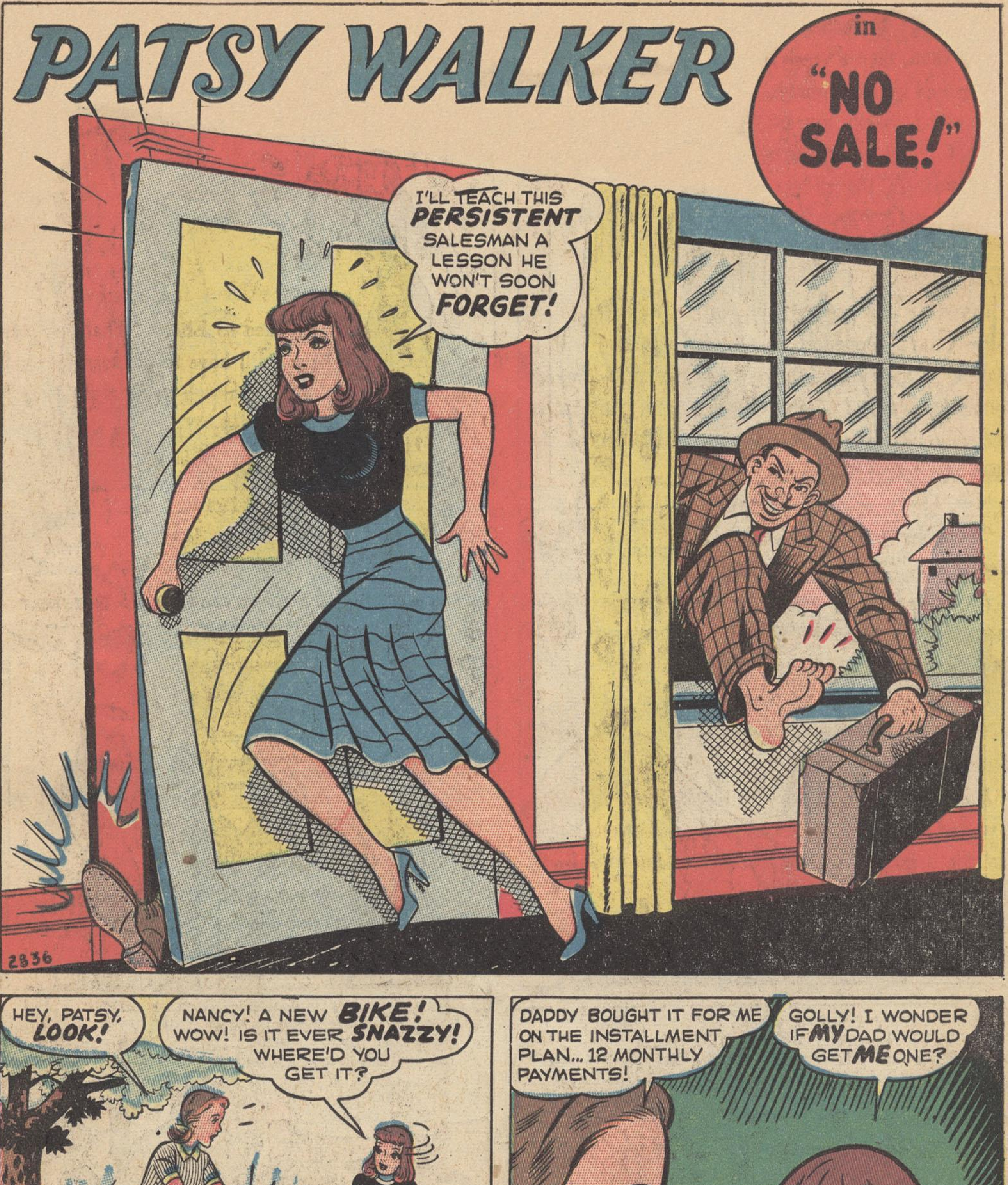
. . . Joe was let off with a severe reprimand. After all, he hadn't done any harm, except to give us all a temporary case of high blood pressure.

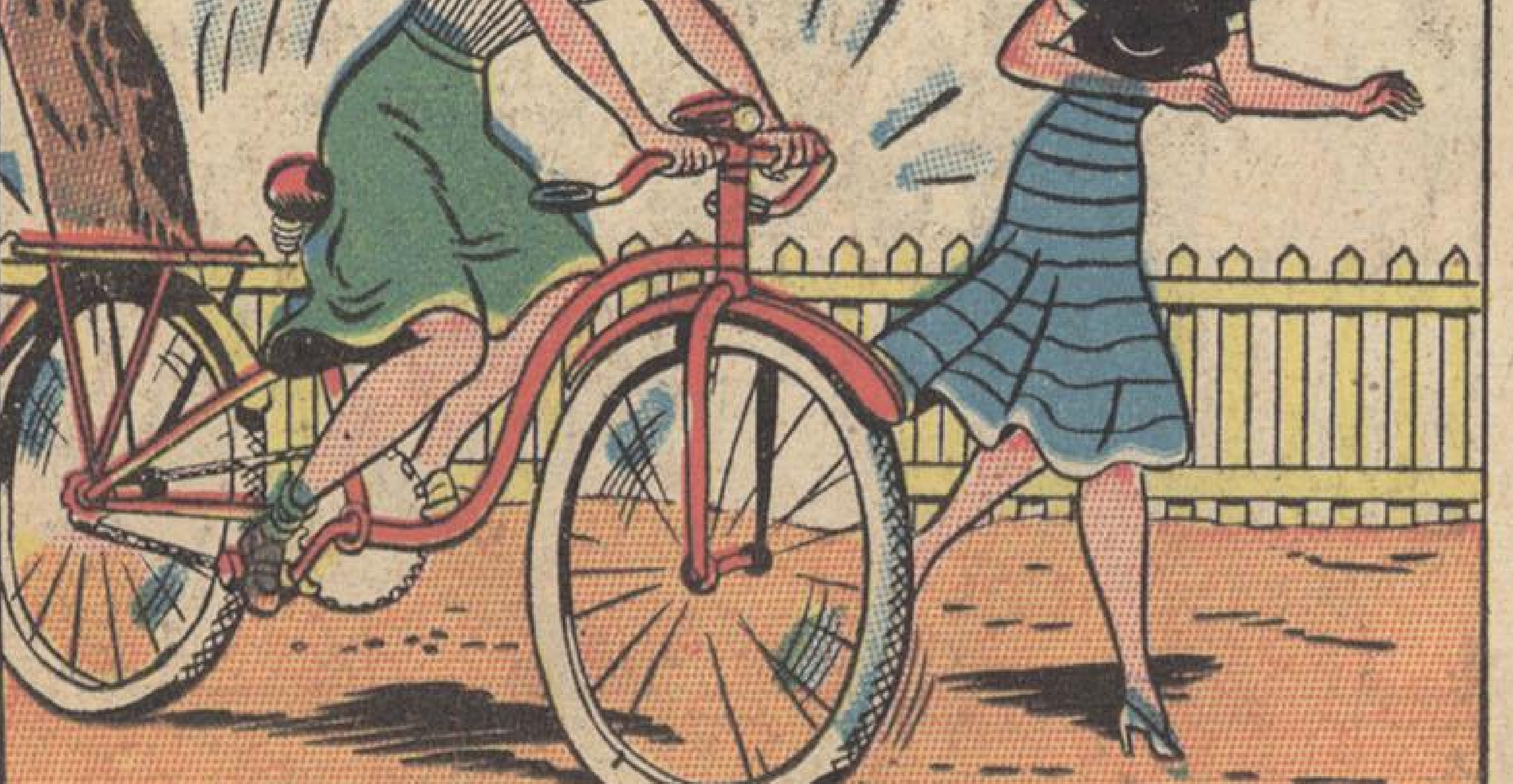
The next evening Ellery rang me up to postpone our date celebrating the mystery's solution. Why? Because he was busy meeting with Joe to draw up a charter for the Baskerville Extension of the Baker Street Irregulars!

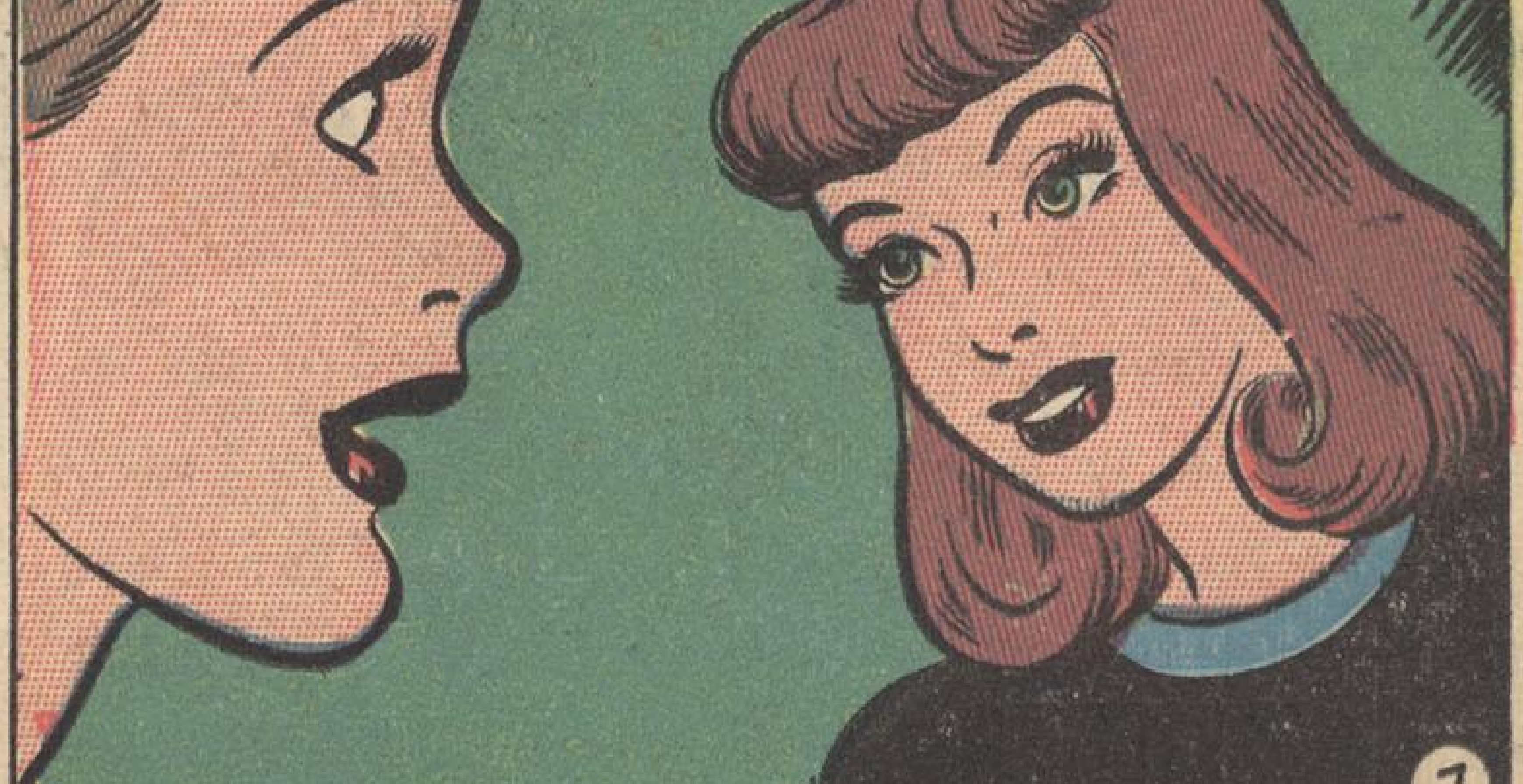
That night I went to bed with a copy of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," determined to find out what this character Sherlock has that I lack!

THE END


"Oh, Ellery, are you all right?"


PATSY WALKER
in
"NO SALE!"
I'LL TEACH THIS PERSISTENT SALESMAN A LESSON HE WON'T SOON FORGET!
2836


HEY, PATSY, LOOK!
NANCY! A NEW BIKE! WOW! IS IT EVER SNAZZY! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?


DADDY BOUGHT IT FOR ME ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN... 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS!
GOLLY! I WONDER IF MY DAD WOULD GET ME ONE?
1

MEANWHILE, AT THE WALKER HOUSE...
STANLEY, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU MORE EXCITED! WHAT'S UP, DEAR?
WONDERFUL NEWS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SIGN UP WITH DUFFY & McGRUDDY FOR YEARS...AND NOW DUFFY'S AGREED TO COME HERE WITH A CONTRACT TODAY!
OH, HELLO, DADDY! I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT AND...
NOT NOW, PATSY! I'M EXPECTING A VERY IMPORTANT VISITOR AND I'VE GOT TO GET DRESSED!
THERE'S THE DOOR BELL! QUICK, PATSY, ANSWER IT WHILE I GET MY SUIT JACKET ON! IT'S PROBABLY MR. DUFFY!
ALL RIGHT, DAD!
I'D BETTER WAIT TILL HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD BEFORE I ASK HIM FOR A NEW BIKE!
R-R-RING...
HOW DO YOU DO? I REPRESENT THE SPEEDY BRUSH CO.! TODAY'S SPECIAL IS THIS JIM DANDY BRUSH...CLEANS... STAIRS, RADIATORS, SINKS, WALLS, FLOORS! NO HOUSE CAN BE WITHOUT ONE AND BLA- BLA--!
BUT... THAT IS...I...
DADDY, MAY I HAVE $1.98 TO PAY THE SALESMAN FOR THIS BRUSH? HE INSISTED WE NEED IT AND...
HE INSISTED?! THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN IS THEY HAVE NO SALES RESISTANCE! NOW YOU JUST WATCH ME!
AND FURTHERMORE, IF YOU COME HERE AGAIN AND TRY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF CHILDREN WITH YOUR HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP, I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU! NOW BEAT IT, BEFORE I REALLY GET MAD!
Y-YESSIR!
SPEEDY
2

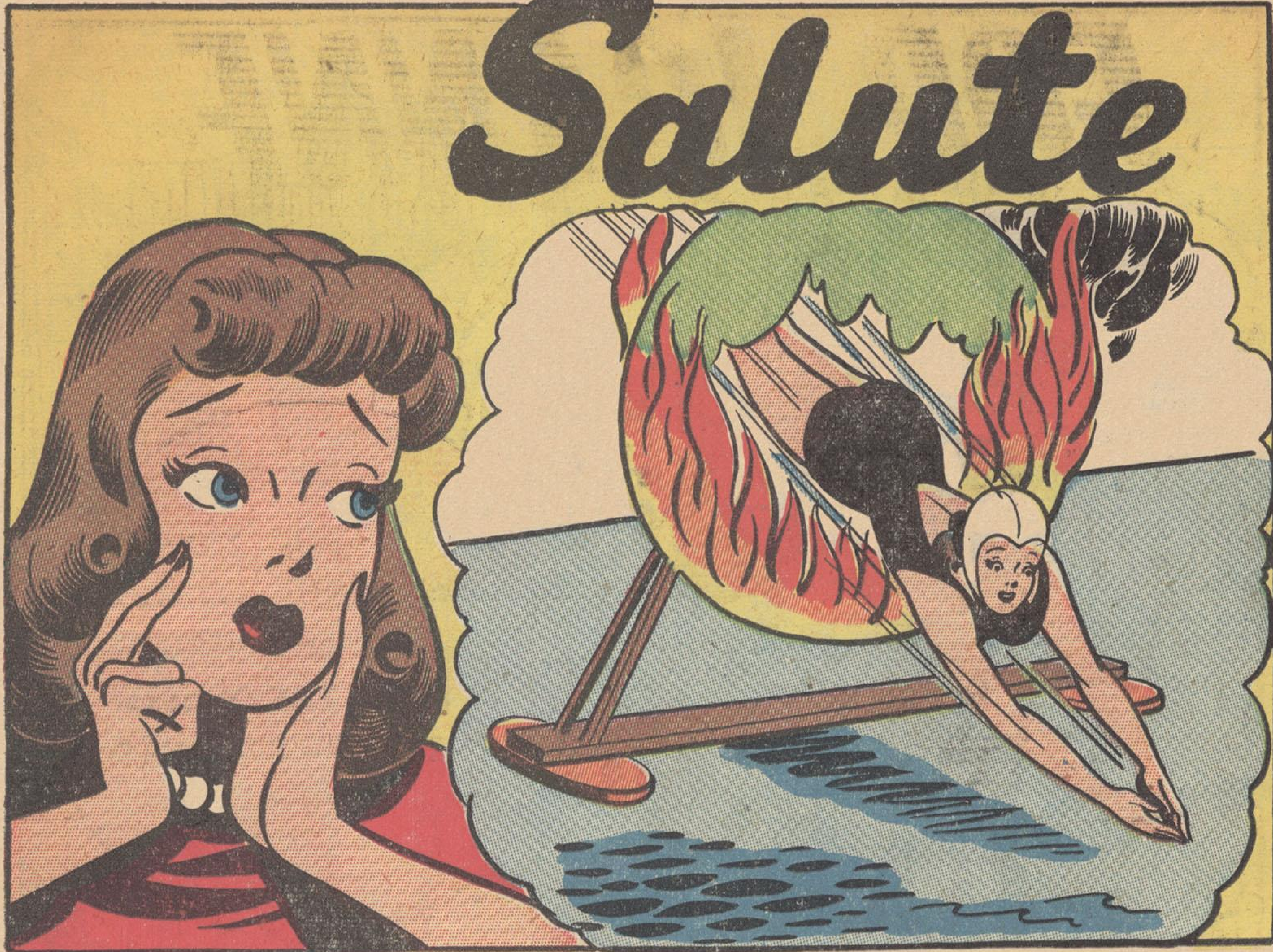
OH, DADDY, YOU WERE SO **MASTERFUL!**
NOTHING TO IT, IF YOU KNOW HOW!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE VERY NEXT SALESMAN! I'M ANXIOUS TO TRY WHAT YOU **TAUGHT** ME!
WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE... HERE COMES A STRANGE LITTLE CHARACTER NOW!
AND FURTHERMORE, WHATEVER IT IS, WE **DON'T** NEED ANY! WE DON'T **WANT** ANY! AND IF WE DID, WE WOULDN'T GET IT FROM **YOU!** GOOD DAY!
HAW, HAW, HAW! **THAT'S** THE WAY TO DO IT, PATSY!
HM... HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD! NOW'S MY CHANCE!
DADDY DEAR, NANCY GOT A NEW BIKE AND IT'S JUST **SUPER!** GOLLY, DADDY, IF YOU WOULD BUY ONE FOR **ME,** I'D BE THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE **WORLD!**
WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR *OLD* ONE? I MOST CERTAINLY *WILL NOT* BUY YOU A NEW ONE! IT'S **POSITIVELY** WASTEFUL!
NOW I WONDER WHO *THIS* CAN BE? THERE'S ALWAYS *SOMETHING* HAPPENING AROUND HERE!
RING
3

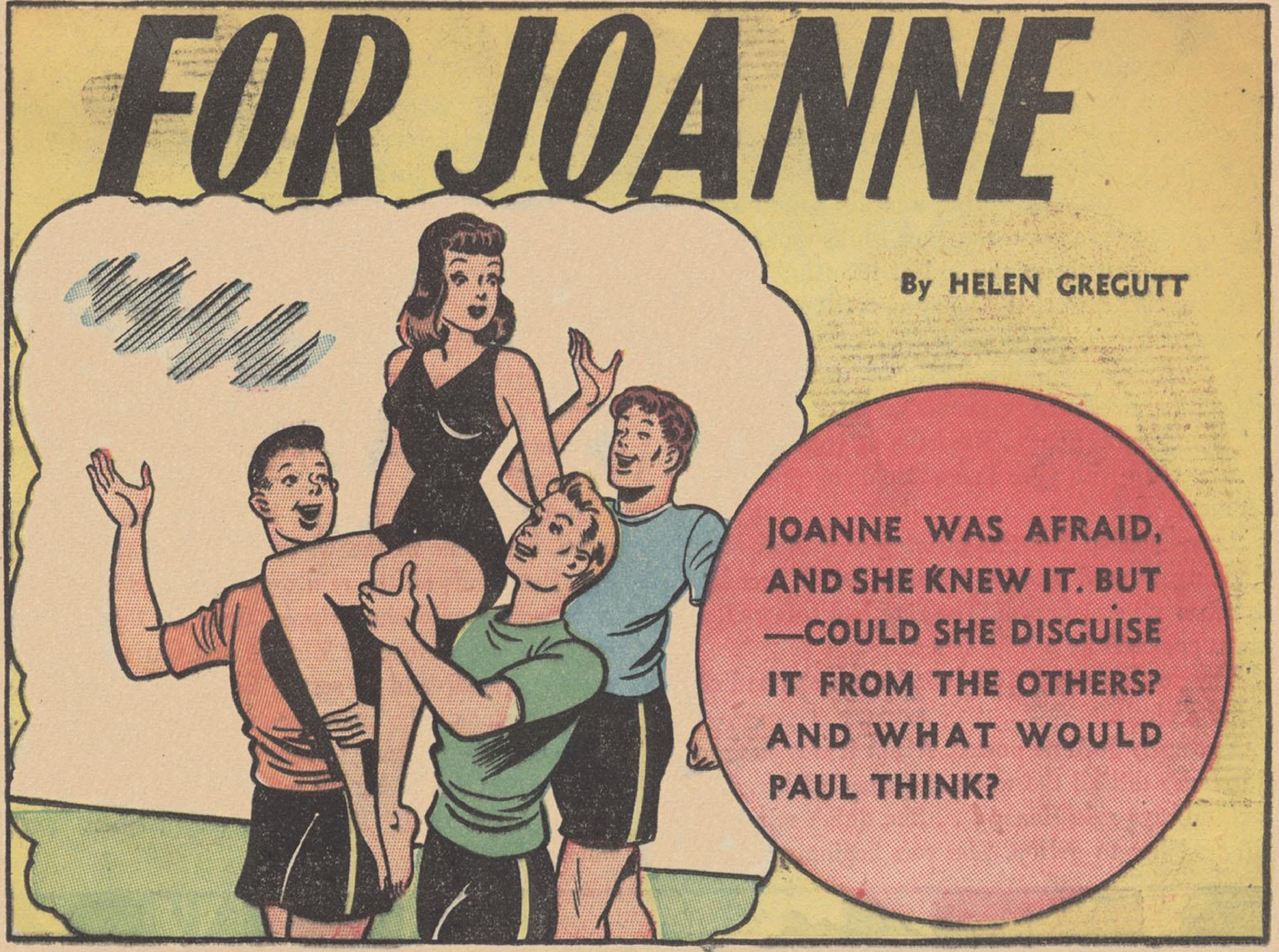
WHO—MR. DUFFY? HELLO, SIR! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU AND...
AND YOU CAN KEEP ON WAITING... NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, WALKER!
...AND FURTHERMORE, WALKER, THOUGH I'VE NEVER MET YOU PERSONALLY... I'M SURE I'LL BE HAPPY IF I NEVER DO!! IF YOU'RE ANYTHING LIKE YOUR IMPOLITE DAUGHTER WHO ANSWERED THE DOOR WHEN I CALLED EARLIER TODAY...
THUMP!
MR. DUFFY
OOHH! I'M RUINED! PATSY, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! THAT WAS MR. DUFFY YOU INSULTED!
B-BUT... YOU YOURSELF SAID HE WAS A SALESMAN AND...
NEVER MIND THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO GO OVER TO HIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW AND APOLOGIZE! EXPLAIN THIS TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I'M SURE HE'LL COME BACK HERE AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, DADDY!
I'M SURE HE'LL UNDERSTAND! PATSY SHOULD BE BACK WITH MR. DUFFY ANY MINUTE NOW!
AH! THAT MUST BE HIM...
R-R-RING!
YES?
SIR, I'M FROM THE DUFFY...
4

COME RIGHT IN, SIR! I KNEW DUFFY WOULD SEE IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! NOW I'M SURE WE CAN GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS!
WELL, THAT'LL SUIT ME JUST FINE!
I'VE READ THIS CONTRACT BEFORE, SO I WON'T WASTE YOUR TIME... WHERE DO I SIGN?
RIGHT HERE! AND I MUST SAY, I WISH ALL MY BUSINESS DEALS WERE THIS EASY!
LATER...
PATSY, YOU DID VERY WELL! MR. DUFFY SENT A MAN WHO WAS VERY NICE ABOUT EVERYTHING!
HUH? B-BUT, DADDY, MR. DUFFY THREW ME OUT OF HIS OFFICE AND SAID... "TELL YOUR FATHER THE DEAL IS OFF!"
WHAT? THEN WHO WAS... WHAT DID I SIGN? WHERE'S THAT CONTRACT?
YIPE!
Duffy
WHAT IS IT?
THIS CONTRACT SAYS I BOUGHT A DUFFY BICYCLE IN TWELVE MONTHLY PAYMENTS!
STANLEY... AND AFTER WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT BUYING FROM DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMEN!
LATER...
BUT, PATSY, HOW'D YOU SWING IT?
IT'S A LONG STORY, NANCY! I CAN'T EVEN FIGURE IT OUT... BUT WHO CARES? I'VE GOT THE BIKE AND THAT'S WHAT MATTERS!
THE END
5

Salute FOR JOANNE

By HELEN GREGUTT





JOANNE WAS AFRAID, AND SHE KNEW IT. BUT —COULD SHE DISGUISE IT FROM THE OTHERS? AND WHAT WOULD PAUL THINK?

JOANNE TOWNSEND dressed as slowly as she could, and long after she was ready she kept fussing with the belt to her jodhpurs and adjusting her boots in an effort to postpone the moment when she would have to go downstairs and join the boys.

"Jo! JoAnne!" Michael's voice penetrated to her room in an impatient bellow.

"Come on, honey, get a move on." Bill's urging was gentler but just as impatient.

In a moment Chris would lean on the horn in an effort to hurry her. JoAnne picked up her jacket and walked out to the hall. She stopped in front of the big hall mirror from force of habit, but she took no pleasure from the fact that her straight slender body was enhanced by riding clothes or that the boyish cap which secured her brown curls made her look even more feminine. She was only surprised that the mirror didn't reflect the fear that numbed her.

Bill was waiting for her at the front door. Of her three brothers, Bill, the oldest, was JoAnne's favorite. Not that the twins, Michael and Chris, weren't fun and cute. But in spite of the fact that they were one year older than she, they seemed boyish. Bill, at eighteen, was manly, and there was a sweetness about him that endeared him to everyone.

"Blue ribbon baby!" He raised his hand in a little salute—the salute they always used to indicate that something or somebody was strictly okay. "You look like a natural."

The pleasure JoAnne always felt at Bill's praise evaporated with his last words. A natural! Wait till he saw her on a horse. This time she wouldn't be able to fool any of them. They'd know in a minute she was petrified. It was times like today that JoAnne wished frantically that there were another woman in the house so she wouldn't have to try so hard to keep up with the boys.

"I'll sit in back today," she offered. She grinned lopsidedly at Michael and Chris, who were in the front seat already. She was grateful for the chance to be alone in the back. She tried to remind herself of all the other times when she had been in a blue mood and everything had worked out all right. Like the first time Bill had told her to dive off the high board. Only pride had kept her from crying then, just as pride kept her from speaking now. JoAnne remembered how terrifyingly high the board had seemed. When she had walked out to the end of it, she had known she couldn't even jump kid style, holding her nose. Then she had looked down and seen Michael and Chris waiting and Bill watching confidently. She dove.

"Gee, I'm sure glad old Murph reopened the stables," Mike was saying happily. "I thought we'd never get a chance to ride again."

"How long have they been closed?" Chris asked.

"Since just before the war," Bill answered, "when the Army took over that whole area."

JoAnne sank lower in the seat. She wished "old Murph" had never decided to reopen the stables. She'd been sure that horseback riding was one thing that wouldn't ever bother her again because Murph had had the only riding stables in the county

"Paul's meeting us at the stables," Bill informed them as he turned off the highway onto a country road.

JoAnne felt her heart beat strongly for the first time that day. Paul was the only boy she had ever met who was more wonderful than Bill.

"Does Paul ride?" Michael asked.

Bill's answer was proud. "Paul does everything well whether he knows how or not."

JoAnne's heart returned to its foolish unsteadiness. Why should she be happy that Paul would be there? It would mean just one more person to witness her disgrace and the last person in the world she wanted to disgrace herself before. Paul would look handsomer than ever in riding clothes and beautifully at ease on a horse. She knew it instinctively. In the two years that Paul had lived in Blue Hills and been Bill's best friend, she had never seen him do anything clumsy or awkward.

And Paul had like her—up till now. Only last night when they had all been playing records, he had asked her to dance. He had steered her out to the hall where they could turn without fear of bumping into furniture or knocking over lamps. She hadn't just imagined that his arm had tightened around her waist or that his eyes had been extravagant with flattery.

"You've been brought up like a boy, JoAnne," Paul had said seriously when the music stopped, "and yet you're the most feminine girl I know—but with none of the silliness."

JoAnne had been in heaven—and a little amused, too. People were always surprised at her—a girl who lived in what they laughingly referred to as "The Townsend Fraternity House." But now she realized what Paul must have meant about "none of the silliness." Other girls were afraid of things, and JoAnne wasn't. At least, that's what they all thought because she'd never let them guess how hard it was for her sometimes to do things with the daring nonchalance that seemed to come naturally to the boys. Today she would disillusion them all and nothing would ever again be the same.

Bill steered the car skillfully around the hairpin turn to the stables. JoAnne stepped out on unsteady legs. Seven years evaporated, and she felt once more like the pigtailed eight-year-old who used to cling to Dad's hand fearfully as he led her to the mounting block. Seven years ago, however, Dad had only let her ride around the training ring, and Murph had closed the stables just when Dad had said she was ready for the trails.

She was hardly aware of the noisy greetings Michael and Chris were exchanging with Murph. Now it was Bill's turn to have his hand pumped by the grizzly-haired owner of the stables.

"Why, JoAnne Townsend," Murph chuckled, "didn't you grow up to be a pretty lass! And you didn't forget that fine seat you had seven years ago?"

JoAnne smiled through stiff lips. The funny part was that Dad and Murph had crowed over the fine natural seat she had as a child, never guessing even then that she was frightened by the horses that seemed to tower over her.

"I'll tell you what," Murph went on happily. "You ride old Hansy around the ring while we saddle up the horses. Just to get the feel of it again."

When she saw that Hansy was a gentle, well-mannered horse for beginners, JoAnne mounted him with a show of confidence. Hansy waited patiently while Bill refreshed her memory.

"That's right, honey. The balls of your feet in the stirrup. Grip with your knees. Hold the reins lightly but firmly."

Hansy headed for the training ring and started plodding around slowly. JoAnne found herself relaxing in spite of herself. The ring had soft turf, and it was enclosed by a high fence.

"Try posting now," Bill called when she had completed a circle.

Obediently JoAnne posted. Again it was as though old Hansy did all the work and steadied her. If she could always ride Hansy . . . She didn't mind when Bill told her to gallop. She was beginning to have fun. When Bill called, she guided Hansy back easily, talking to him.

Michael and Chris were already heading for the trails. Bill was mounting a big black hunter who tossed his head spiritedly. A fourth horse stood ready.

"Is that for Paul?" JoAnne asked.

"We're not waiting for Paul. That's for you."

Panic welled up in her again as she noted the nervousness of the brown mare saddled for her. "Can't I ride Hansy?" She kept her voice natural with an effort.

"Hansy's like a rocking horse," Bill laughed. "You wouldn't have any fun. Come on—this baby wants to go places." The black hunter danced with eagerness to be off.

JoAnne slid off Hansy's back and mounted the mare, conscious of the wicked gleam in the horse's eye. Her hands on the rein were rigid and her knees cramped because she gripped them so tightly. She caught a last glimpse of Michael and Chris galloping across a field, and it served only to increase her apprehensions. The mare beneath her was restless as though she guessed JoAnne's nervousness. I can't do it, JoAnne thought. I'll tell Bill.

"I'll break trail," Bill's voice stopped her. "Just follow along."

Bill walked his horse across the field, and the brown mare followed obediently. When the hunter broke into a trot, the mare followed suit. So far, so good, JoAnne thought with relief.

"Nice going," Bill congratulated her, pulling up. "You lead now."

"I'd much rather follow," JoAnne said hastily, but Bill was already behind her waiting. The mare refused to budge. She knows I'm afraid, all right, JoAnne thought. She won't do a thing for me.

"Give her a jab," Bill advised.

JoAnne jabbed. The mare sidled over toward a tree in an obvious attempt to brush off her rider.

"Show her who's master, Jo," Bill urged.

JoAnne dug her heels into the mare's side firmly. She galloped off like a wild thing. Twigs scratched JoAnne's face, and she had to bend low to dodge tree branches. Bill shouted something, but JoAnne couldn't hear him. She was aware only of the pounding of her heart that matched the pounding of the horse's hoofs. Her hands were clammy and limp on the reins, and she lost a stirrup. Then it happened. One moment JoAnne was on the mare's back—and the next she was flat on the ground, gasping for breath, and the mare was lost to sight up the trail. Bill dismounted quickly, and JoAnne was conscious of his worried expression. Her breath was returning slowly and painfully. She tested her arms and legs gently and turned her body gingerly from one side to the other.

"All here and in one piece," she informed Bill at last with a shaky smile. "Now what?"

"You ride my horse back to the stables," Bill said firmly. "And have them send someone out for me."

JoAnne stared at him unbelievingly as he helped her to her feet. "But I couldn't ride him," she almost whispered.

"The best thing after a fall is to ride again immediately," Bill explained. "That way you haven't time to get scared."

Time to get scared! Hadn't he even guessed? Bill held the black hunter for her to mount. Stiffly JoAnne approached the horse. When she was astride, she felt just as she had long ago on the high diving board, and again it was the confidence in Bill's eyes that made her proceed.

The hunter behaved beautifully until they reached a clear stretch. Then, without warning, he broke into a powerful gallop, refusing to be held. Still shaken from the fall, JoAnne forgot everything she had ever learned and clung to the horse's neck desperately. Tears streamed down her face. In the distance she

One moment JoAnne was on the mare's back—and the next she was flat on the ground, gasping for breath.

caught a glimpse of the stables. Maybe Paul was there now. And he'd see her being as silly as a girl could be, in tears and clinging fearfully to a horse's mane!

Anger swept through her. I don't care, she thought defiantly. They can all see I'm scared. I'm no heroine, and I'm not a boy, and I won't be pushed around any more. She straightened resolutely on the galloping horse's back and pulled at the reins. Firmly and steadily she drew them in as she gripped her knees with all her strength. The hunter was slowing down. He was walking. Half a field separated her from the stables. She brought the hunter to a full stop and slid from his back, still holding the reins. Then she led him toward the stable wtih her head high.

Paul was there. And just as she'd known, he looked handsomer than ever in riding clothes and beautifully at ease on a horse. JoAnne had an instant's miserable awareness of the picture she made *walking* home, her jodhpur boots muddy, her face streaked with grime and tears, her curls tangled under a cap that was awry. But she held herself proudly erect.

Paul dismounted quickly. "JoAnne, is anything wrong?"

The concern in his eyes twisted her heart. "I took a spill," she answered stiffly. "Michael and Chris weren't with us so Bill told me to ride his horse in and send someone for him."

She couldn't interpret the expression on Paul's face. And suddenly she felt nothing but let down. Tears slid down her cheeks again. "I was scared," she sobbed defiantly.

Gently Paul handed her a handkerchief. "I'll go tell Murph about Bill," he said quietly.

JoAnne wiped her eyes and straightened her cap. Probably he was busily revising his opinion of her. The thought hurt, but mixed with the hurt was another feeling. If Paul was to like her, it would have to be as she really was, not as she pretended to be. And it went for the boys, too. She had been wrong only in the stupid pride which had made her try to be what she wasn't.

Paul was back. "Would you like to ride with me now?" he asked.

JoAnne shook her head stubbornly. "I won't go out on the trails again.'

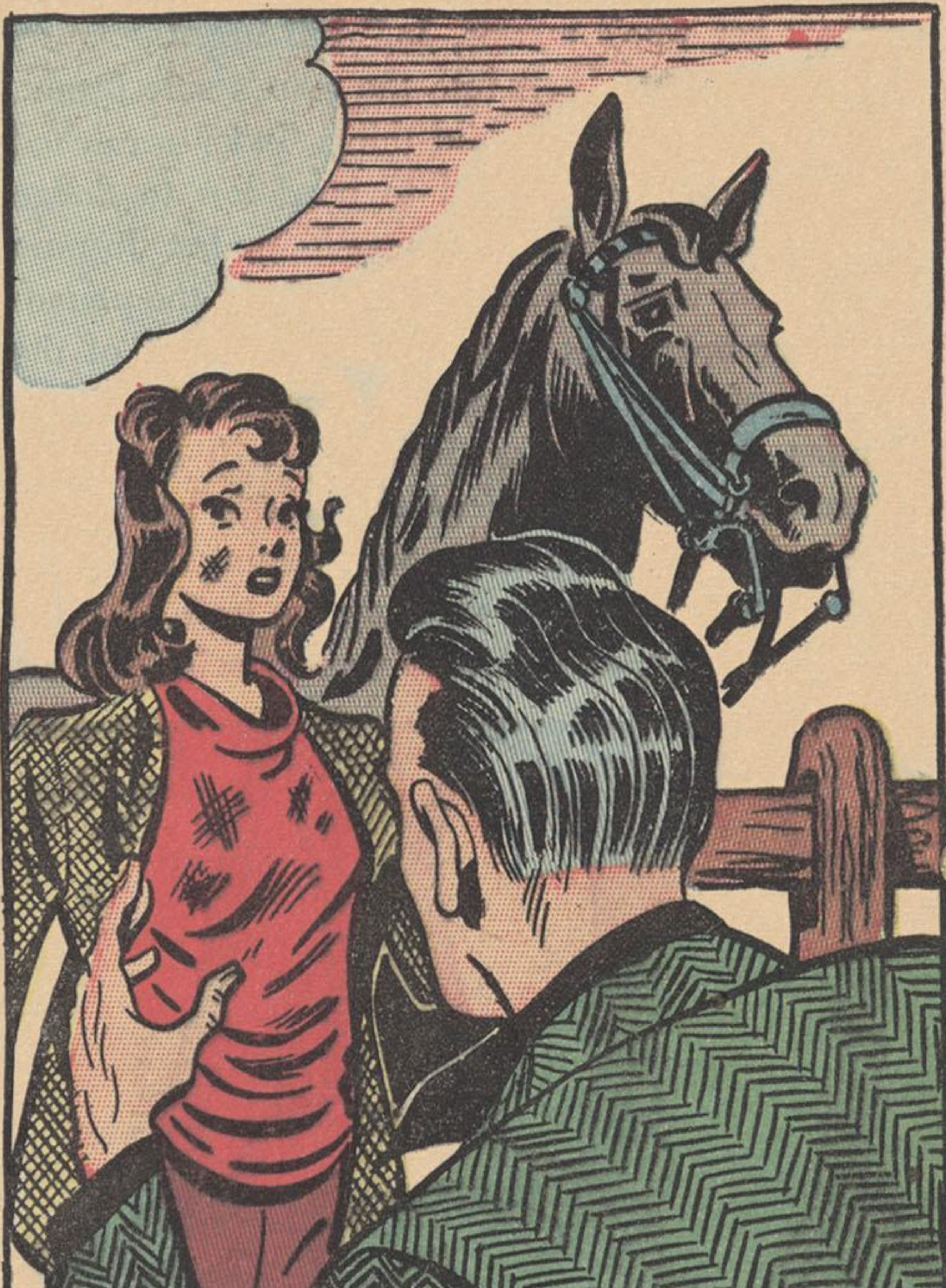
Paul was grinning at her. "You couldn't pay me to try the trails till I had confidence," he said casually.

JoAnne look at him incredulously. "But you . . ." she began. Then her voice faded.

"Only a fool's never afraid," Paul went on calmly. "Everybody with any sense is scared a little of a lot of things. It's how you handle it that counts. Me, I give myself a chance to develop more than a nodding acquaintance with my fears, and by the time I get cozy with them, I'm not afraid."

Then JoAnne saw that it was Hansy Paul had been sitting so beautifully and that Hansy was headed for the training ring.

"Would you like to go around the ring with me a couple of dozen times?" Paul invited her. "Until the riders of the purple sage come back? And when we're ready for it, we'll get Murph to give us our first lesson on the trails."



Paul dismounted quickly. "JoAnne, is anything wrong?"

Wordlessly, JoAnne nodded. She turned toward the hunter again. He still looked tremendous and blacker than night, and his impatient pawing set up the trembling in her again. But she mounted him steadily. A couple of dozen times around the ring and she and the hunter might be friends. With Murph and Paul the trails would be easier. Understanding flooded her, and she smiled down at Paul. He raised his hand in a little salute—the salute they always used to indicate that something or somebody was strictly okay.

THE END

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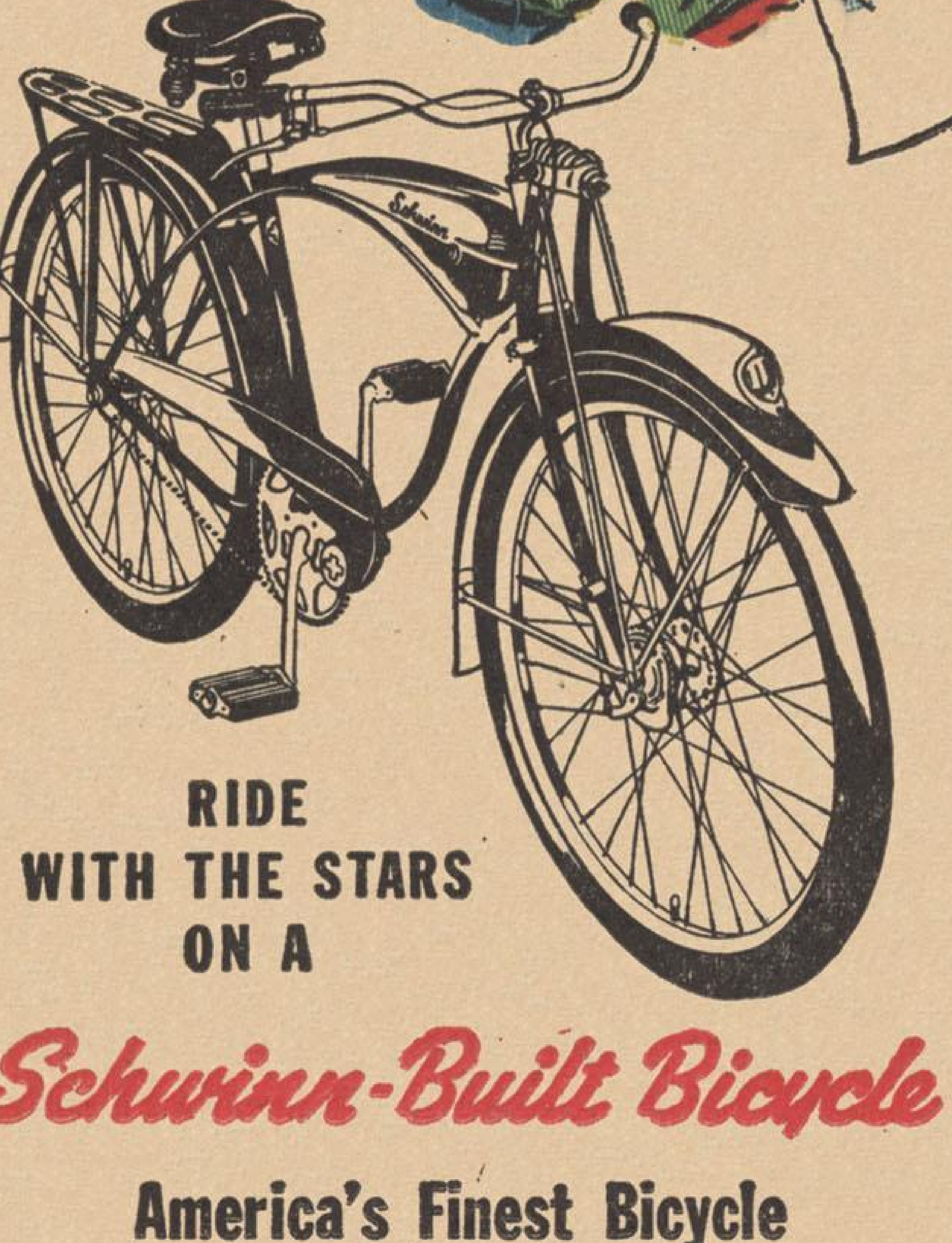

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SPRING MAGIC and a GUN!

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE — BUT LETTY NEEDED HELP TO TURN THOUGHTS HER WAY—

By LELIA H. JAKES

LETTY fluffed out the black curls around her face and pretended that she didn't know who was walking rapidly behind her down the long front steps at Norman Tech.

"Hi, funny face! Wait up!" Bart Simon's voice made her stop. Little tingles danced along her spine. Maybe he was going to ask to take her to the Senior Strut after all. She had felt so sure of it when the date was first set, but lately everything had been so different and now she wasn't certain of anything. She crossed over to lean against the banister directly beneath a poster loudly announcing the big event.

"Get parked, woman, and stay put. I've words for thee." Was it any wonder that her heart beat faster? Bart leaned on the railing beside her, and his arm brushed hers. It was strong and hard. No wonder he had upset opponents on the football field last fall. He was tall and broad-shouldered and oh, so blond.

But Letty's hopes went into a dizzy downspin as Bart continued, "Mrs. Carlton wants to know if you'll sit with the brat tonight." Was that all he'd wanted? She was tempted to shout "no" and run, but her better judgment stopped her. Bart lived upstairs right over the Carlton's apartment in one of the smart new duplexes on Frazer Avenue. With him that close there would still be a chance for the invitation to the Strut.

"Did she say when she wanted me?" Letty asked, her heart still down in her toes. "Why didn't she call me?"

"She said about six. Seems they're invited to a dinner and reception for the General, and her phone isn't working."

"The General should speak to Mr. Bell about that." Letty hoped it was a sophisticated reply.

Bart's blue eyes were cold. "You know the General isn't interested in her phone, stup. I'm merely trying to explain why she didn't give you the message herself."

Letty felt like jumping right over the banister. No boy who had the least intention of asking for a date would ever sound that disgusted. "Natch," she returned quietly. "Tell her that I'll come, please. Sorry to have bothered you."

She started briskly down the stairs, hoping that he would call her back, but no such welcome sound came. At the bottom she turned, just in time to see him disappearing into the science labs. "The big dope!" she thought. "How can a fellow be the hero of the school one semester and the prize dope the next? All he can see or hear or think is radio. He'd probably be tickled to stay home just to get the prom music over his own set!"

But at six o'clock Letty wasn't putting on her favorite baby-sitter uniform of jeans and white shirt. Instead she was slipping into her new lime green gingham that did things for her black hair and dark eyes. She tied a matching ribbon about her hair and added the latest in lipstick. She surveyed herself in the long mirror—Bart couldn't help thinking she looked nice if they *did* happen to meet.

But the front steps of the new white duplex were deserted, and so was the front hall. Of course, there was still a chance that he might drop in to tell her about his latest reception feat. Even playing dummy to a receiving set was better than no Bart at all.

There was nothing to do but go into the downstairs apartment. Two-year-old Melinda Carlton raced to meet her. "Hi, dumpling!" Letty called as she caught the youngster in her arms. "You're Letty's sweetheart, aren't you?"

Mrs. Carlton swept into the room in a stunning white gown. "Don't tell me that the sweetheart business holds good for all twenty-four hours of the day," she teased.

Letty noticed that she was wearing a gorgeous rhinestone necklace and matching earrings. They must have cost millions! "You're beautiful," she told her frankly.

"I hope my husband will think so," said Mrs. Carlton. "And the General, too, of course. They're deep in a conference at the hotel right now. They're sending a cab for me."

"But aren't you afraid?" asked Letty, putting Melinda back on the floor.

"Afraid of what?"

"Oh—afraid that someone might hold you up—or the cab driver might take your jewels."

Mrs. Carlton slipped a wine velvet wrap around her shoulders and took up her little gold evening bag. "You listen to too many radio thrillers, Letty darling. It's bad for the nerves. If you need me, you can probably use the phone upstairs. Goodnight. honey bunny. Be a good girl, and do what Letty tells you."

She kissed Melinda, flashed a smile at Letty and swept grandly out of the apartment. Letty sighed, "If I ever thought that I'd look like that . . ."

She was feeding Melinda her supper when she saw Bart's mother and father back their car out of the drive. Letty shivered. It made everything sort of lonely and delicious—she down here alone with Melinda, Bart alone up there.

Then resentment flooded over her, resentment at his hobby and his treatment of her. "He won't suffer," she said aloud. "He's got that receiving set to keep him company."

Melinda climbed up on the davenport to play with her toy animals, and Letty put away the supper things. In the dining room she paused before the lovely silver bowl on the table. It was full of green house roses. And on the side table was the sterling tea set. "The Carlton's must be terribly rich and influential," she thought.

Through the open window came a loud squawk. Bart and his radio! Then came more squawks and still more. This might go on for hours, and he wouldn't stop in at all. And he couldn't help knowing she was here. Hadn't he been the one who asked her? How could a boy become so interested in such things—and an athlete at that? She just couldn't understand it.

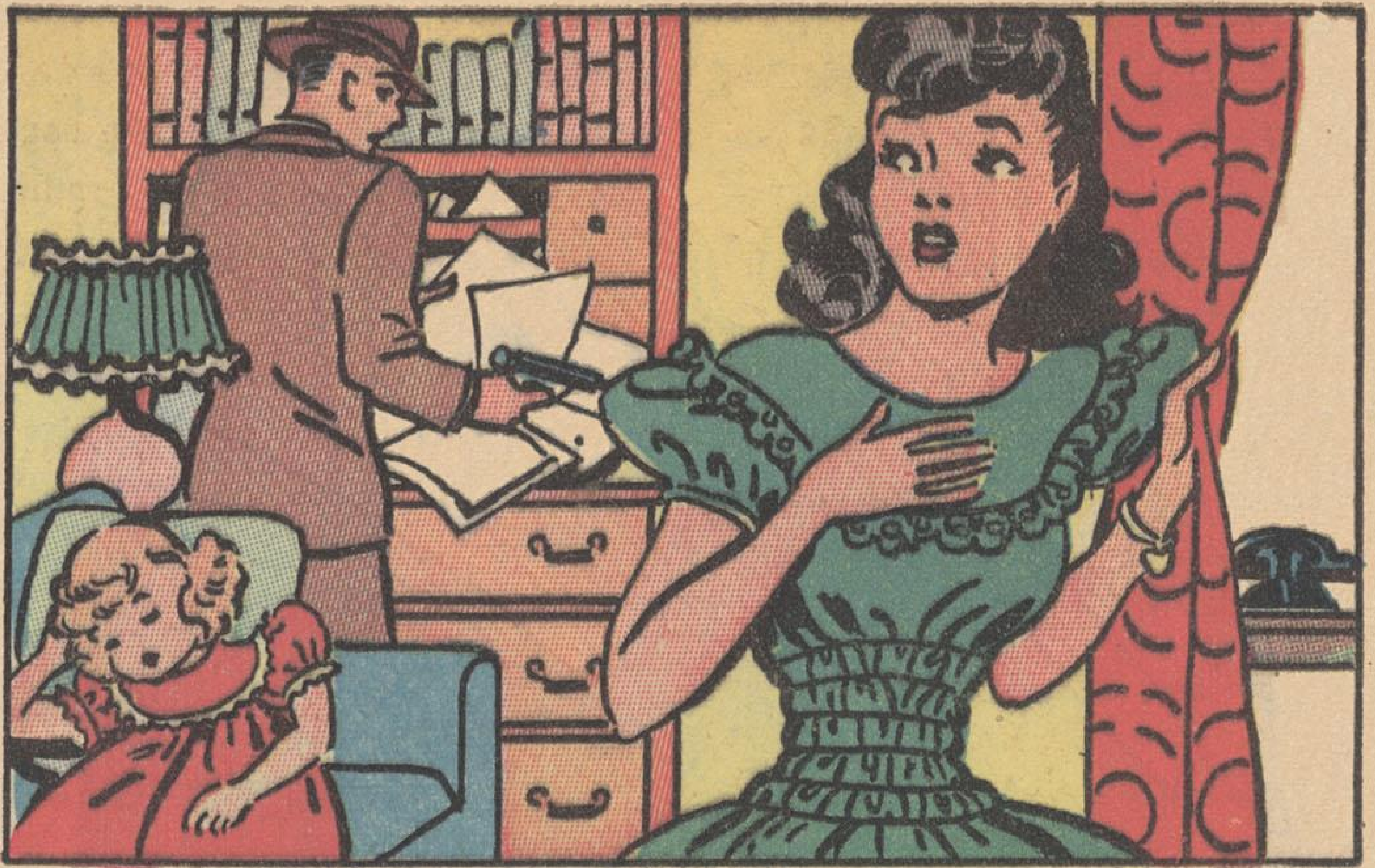
"There isn't any justice," she moaned to the sink as she rinsed it out. "I'm so near him, but I might just as well be in India for all he cares. And I was simple enough to think that he might date me for the Senior Strut . . . He's always seemed to like me though."

Melinda was asleep when Letty came back to the living room. The child looked so cuddly and comfortable that Letty decided to leave her there for awhile. She fussed with her Latin and soon it was dark and silent outside.

From upstairs she heard voices, Bart's and others', then static squawks. It made her angry. "I could bother him," she thought. "I could play the vic, and *that* would bring him in a hurry. He says that there's a short in it that messes up his reception. Or I could play *Spring Magic* over and over good and loud. He hates it, says that it sounds like a bunch of goony high school girls without a serious thought in any of their craniums."

She hesitated, then headed for the vic. "I'll get him down some way," she thought as she picked out *Spring Magic* and put it on the vic. Already she felt a sense of triumph. She'd win yet—she was sure of that.

"Hi, funny face! Wait up!" Bart Simon's voice made her stop. Little tingles danced along her spine.



"No funny stuff, either. Not if you know what's good for you and her."

Knock! She started as the sound cut into her thoughts. Somehow it sounded very important, just like Bart. It *must* be he! Now she wouldn't have to make him angry at all. Perhaps she could bring up the party at just the right moment, too. She straightened her hair and glanced into the mirror as she hurried to the door.

"Who's there?" she asked for the thrill of hearing his voice.

But it was someone older who answered. "The cleaner, Mrs. Carlton."

Letty was disappointed, but she pulled back the catch and turned the knob. She stared in horror. A gun was pointed straight at her. Desperately she tried to slam the door. But the man came in as easily as if she had merely stood and watched. He looked about the room, and his eyes fell on Melinda. There was a queer twist to his mouth. "The Carlton kid?" he asked gruffly.

Letty nodded weakly. The man crossed to Mr. Carlton's desk and pulled it open. He glanced over his shoulder at Letty and shook his head as she started forward. "Carlton asked me to bring a paper to him and the General," he explained with a mocking grin.

Letty felt sick. She was certain that this man had no business with Mr. Carlton's papers. She moved slowly toward the dining room. The phone was there. Then she remembered—it was out of order. The back door, then. She could shout for help, but never would she leave Melinda alone here.

The man was conscious of her movements. "Sit down there with the kid," he instructed over his shoulder. "No funny stuff, either. Not if you know what's good for you and her."

Letty knew that he meant it so she sank down on the far end of the davenport. She hoped that Melinda wouldn't wake up. Everything was quiet as the man ruffled through papers, his gun beside him. This was agony—agony more real than that in her favorite movies. But she couldn't just sit here and let him take what he wanted. And who knew what he might do with her and Melinda afterward? How could she get help? Although Bart was upstairs, there was no way to tell him what was happening—or was there? She had an idea, and she prayed that it was a good one.

"May I play the vic?" she asked breathlessly. "The record's on, and —music sort of—well, quiets my nerves."

"Okay, sister. But don't go one step farther, or I'll use my little toy."

Letty was sure of that, but still she took a chance and turned the volume up loud. There was certainly nothing soothing about that music, but *Spring Magic* might annoy Bart, and, if he were annoyed enough, he might investigate. Just what would happen after that she didn't know, but it was worth the try. She hoped that the static was terrific.

"Not a bad tune," growled the man. "Play it again."

Just what she wanted! Again she increased the volume. Bart was going to hear *Spring Magic* this time—or else . . . The record ran out, and she started it again. The man was fidgeting, and she dreaded what might happen next. Bart, oh Bart, can't you listen! she thought. Louder went the record —and louder.

"Stop it!" shouted the man. "You're driving me crazy! Do you want the cops here to see what's causing the disturbance?"

Letty couldn't blurt out that this was just what she *did* want so she kept still. The man was losing his temper—that was plain. He brushed a sheaf of papers onto the floor. "You're not helping me any," he growled. "I think I'll put you out of the way."

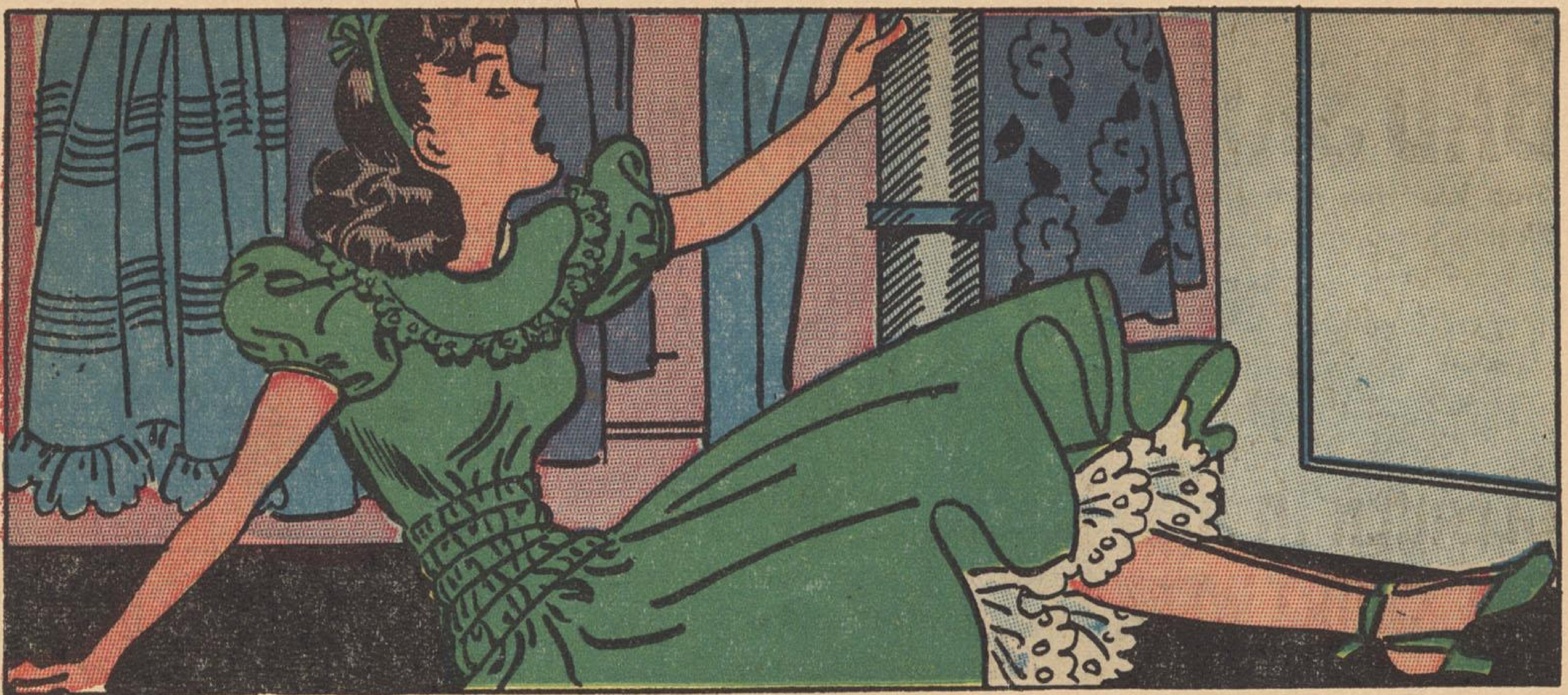
"Put me out of the way!" gasped Letty.

"Yes, I like my own company," he snapped. "Get in that closet."

Letty looked at Melinda. "The baby might cry without me."

"She's still asleep. Get in there."

The scowling man started towards her, and Letty obediently backed towards the closet. A hand



"I must get word upstairs," she thought over and over. "I just must."

shot out and helped her along. At the door she paused. It wasn't now that she was so worried about—it was what might happen later. And upstairs Bart was so deep inside that radio that he wouldn't even know if the two of them were killed!

Then she was flung against the far wall with the door slammed shut and locked from the outside. Her shoulders ached, and she felt hot and smothered among the heavy clothing. She sank to the floor.

How long she crouched there she couldn't remember afterward, but finally she straightened out her cramped legs and pushed herself back against the wall. She jumped. That pipe was hot!

Letty groaned. "Why didn't I learn the Morse code last year when Bart wanted me to help him out? Then I could send messages up the pipe. They always do that in the movies and on the radio."

But it was no use. She didn't know whether SOS was five dashes or ten dots or a combination of both!

"I must get word upstairs," she thought over and over. "I just must." Then came another idea. Any prolonged noise should distract Bart. Very well—he'd get distracted!

She doubled up her fist and hit the pipe with the heel of her hand. Once! Twice! Once! Twice! Over and over it went, monotonous in its repetition. Her mind throbbed to the rhythm. Her hot aching hand vibrated to the same refrain. Would Bart *ever* give any sign that he heard?

Then it became hotter and stuffier, and she couldn't breathe. Slower her beat became—slow and slower. One—two—one—two—. Then the darkness covered that, too.

It seemed like hours later that she came back into the bright lights and fresh air. She was being hauled out onto the living room rug, and Bart's voice came to her. "Letty! Letty! Can't you hear me?" A wet cloth was plastered on her forehead.

Letty pushed it off and opened her eyes. "Where's Melinda?" she was asking.

"Safe, on the davenport and sound asleep."

"And where's that awful man?" she asked, now wide awake and sitting up.

"He's in the dining room explaining it all to the officers." Bart sat down on the rug beside her. "Say, you're a smart girl," he said, and his voice sounded full of admiration.

"You did all the real work," she told him, looking up into his blue eyes and smiling. "You got the help." Her hand brushed against her curls. "Say, I must be a wreck."

"Confidentially, you look cute with that smudge across your cheek," he told her. "But was I mad when your static cut in on the best ham I've had in ages! Then your *Spring Magic* was getting me ready to find a club and finish you off. But when the tapping started I began to wonder if something might be wrong. I came down the back way and saw the man through the window. What worried me was where he had you."

Letty shuddered. "Suppose you hadn't got my message! Bart, I should learn the Morse code, shouldn't I?"

Bart was bending close now, and her heart told her that things were getting better every minute. "You certainly should," he was saying. "I'm going to teach you, too. And I should have a date for the Senior Strut, shouldn't I?"

Here it was—the thing she had been praying for, and it was every bit as terrif as she had dreamed. "Only if you ask the right girl," she whispered, tears smiling in her dark eyes.

THE END

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Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 434 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

FOOD FOR FUN

CURRANT CALENDAR . . .

Watch for the time of year that currants are in season so you won't miss out on that perennial favorite—green currant pie.

Wash and stem a quart of mixed green and half ripe currants. Mix a cup and a half of sugar with 2 tablespoons flour, and sprinkle over the currants.

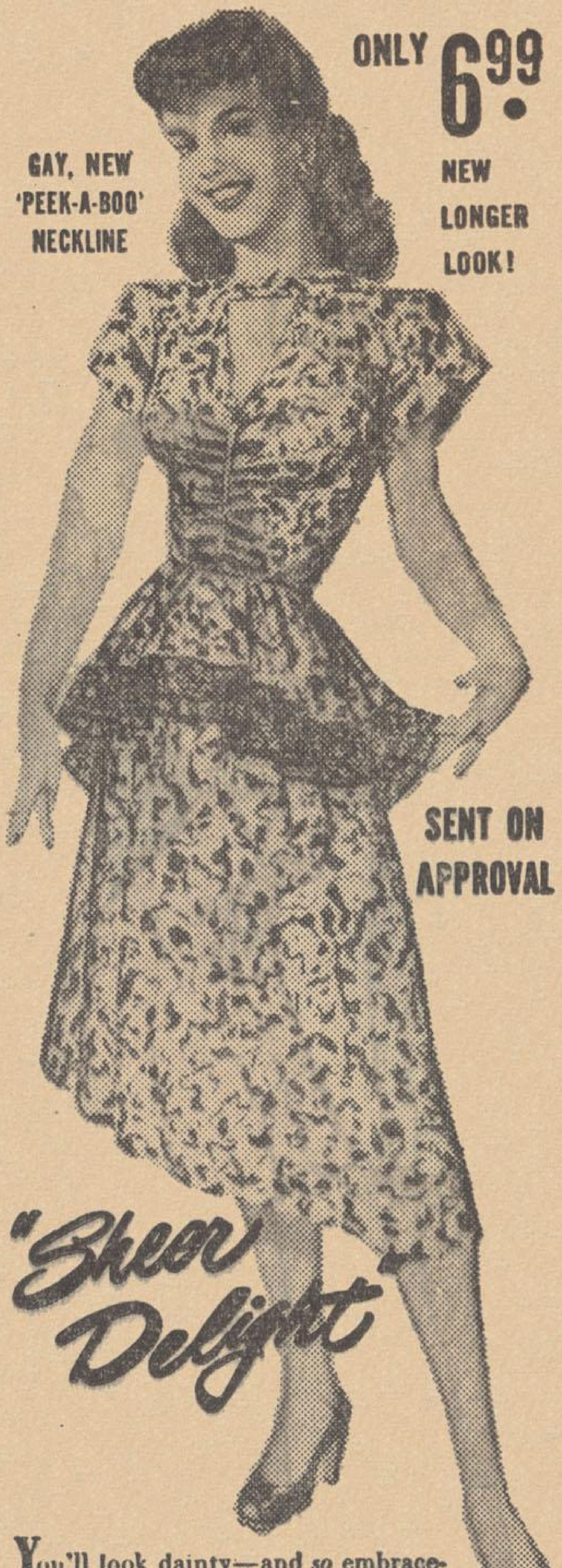
Line a pie plate with pastry, and pour in the fruit. Top with an upper crust, sealing edges tightly together. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and then reduce the heat to moderate to bake the pie 25 or 30 minutes longer. Serve hot, with cream.

Sound good? For proof, just look at that gleam in your guests' eyes!

COLE SLAW CUISINE . . .

Knowing the tricks of the trade can make all the difference in the world. Here are a few for cole slaw, alias "cabbage salad", that can make you as expert as a top chef!

Shred the cabbage paper thin, and then salt the strips down in a bowl with a weight on top. After a couple of hours or more like this, the strips have given up all their moisture, which can be drained off. The strips should be squeezed to get the last drop and put under cold water for a minute to wash off excess brine. Then they are dried with a cloth and tossed in a bowl with any favorite cooked dressing.



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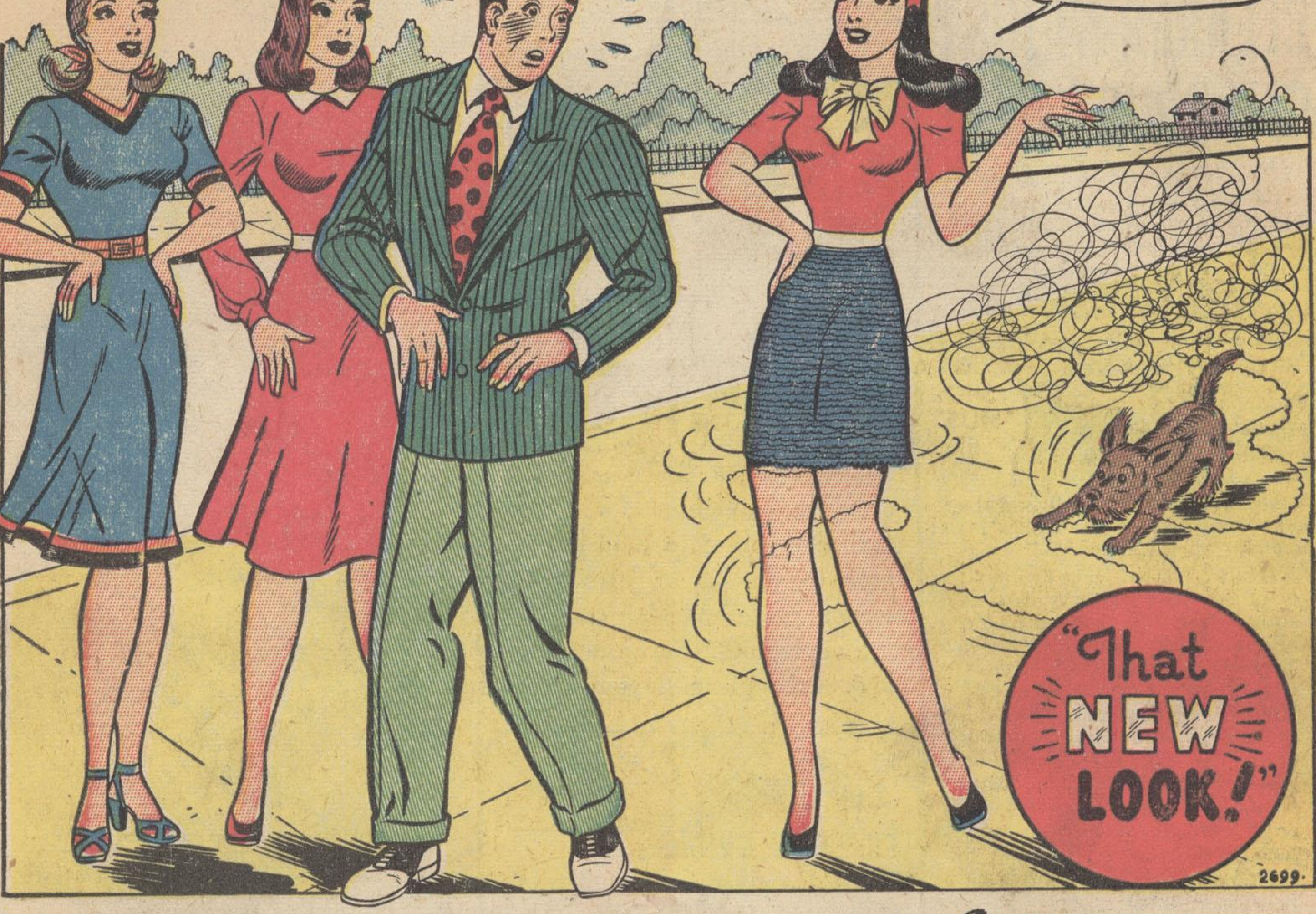
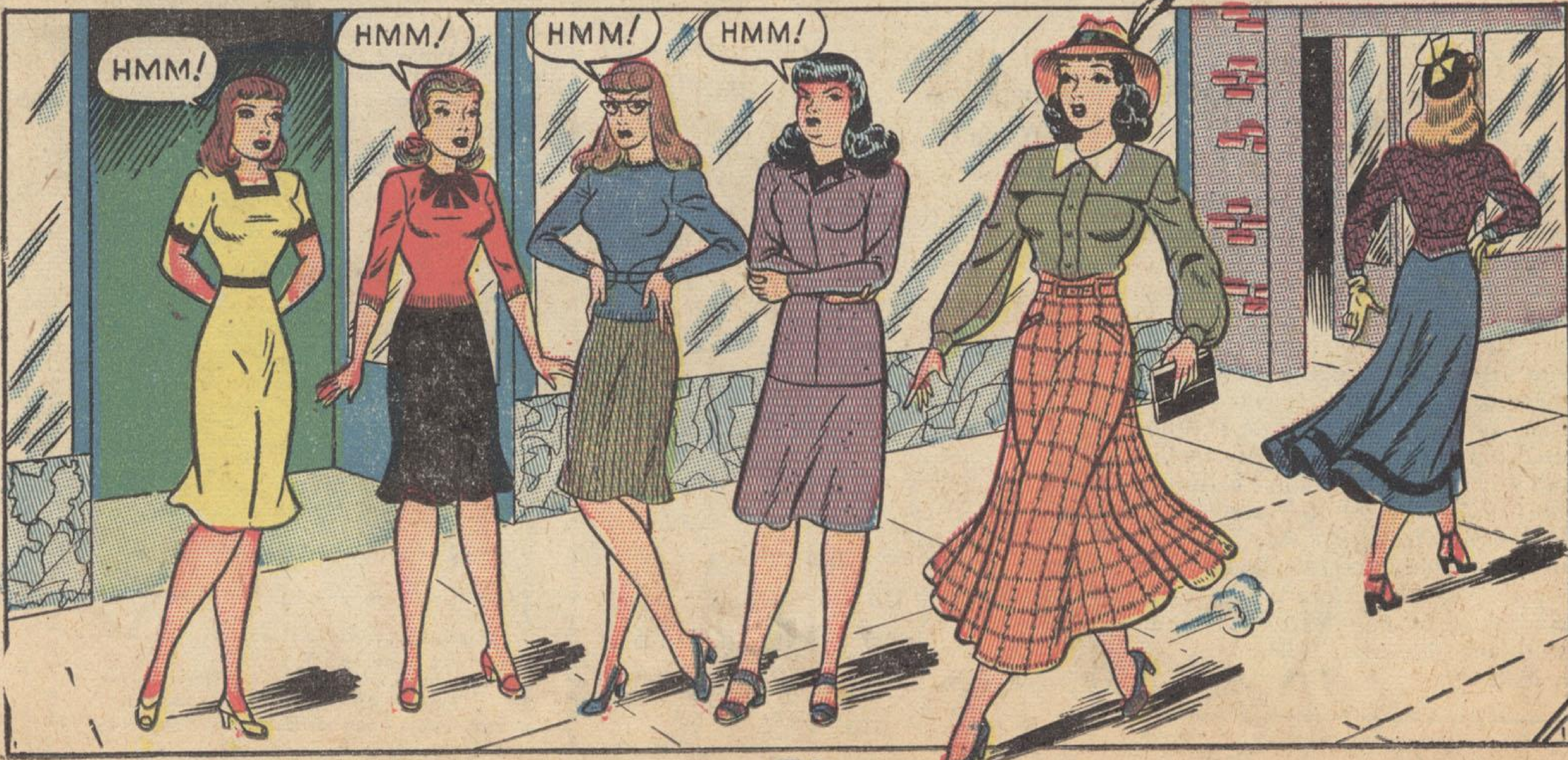

HA! HA!
HA! HA!
(GULP!)
BUZZIE, DEAR! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW, LONGER DRESS? THE **NEW LOOK**, Y'KNOW!
"That NEW LOOK!"
2699.


HMM!
HMM!
HMM!
HMM!

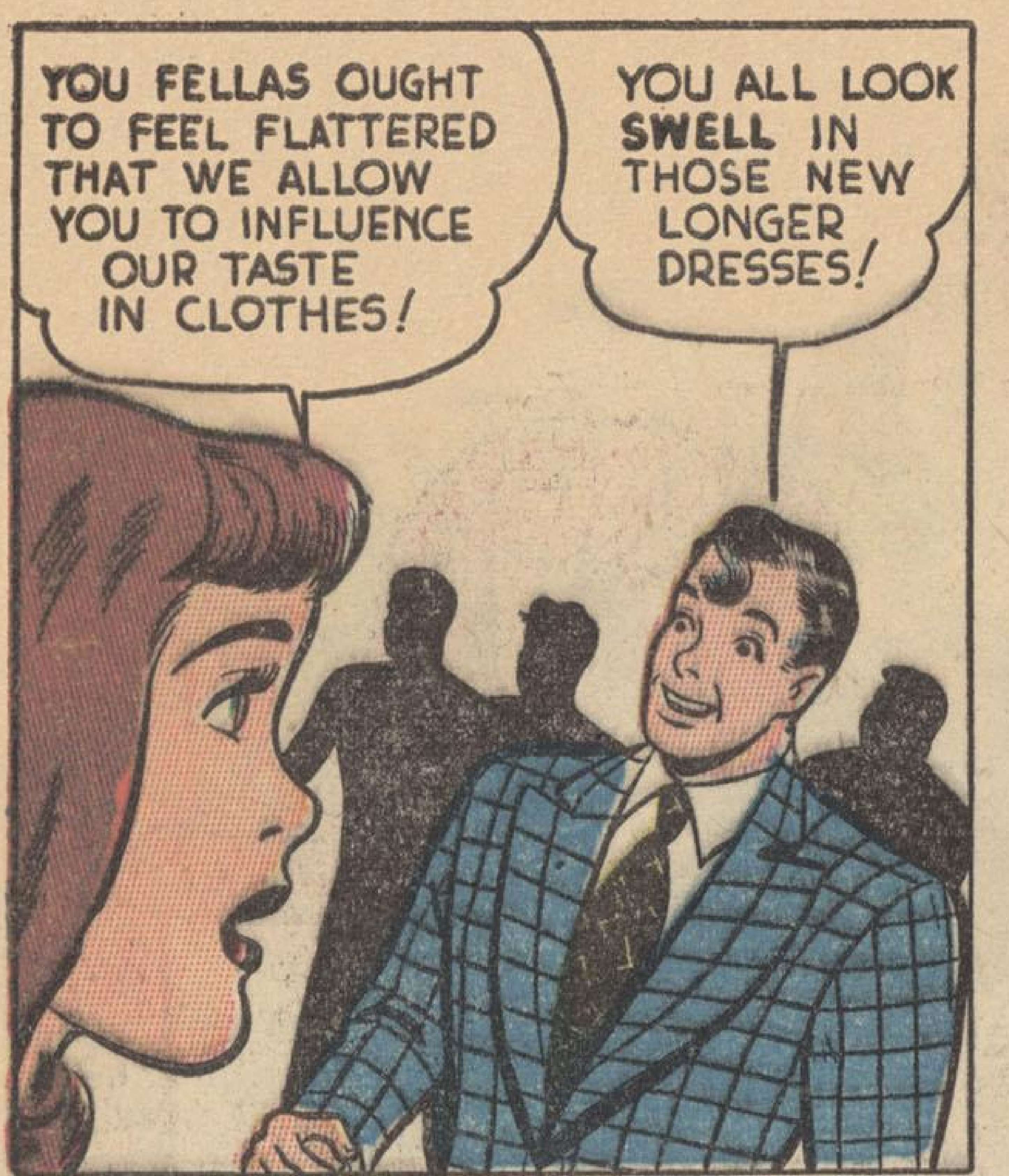
AREN'T THE NEW STYLES JUST TOO UTTERLY **HORRIBLE?**
BUT, DEFINITELY! BESIDES, WHAT WILL WE DO WITH OUR **PRESENT** WARDROBES?
GIRLS, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE **CAN** DO! WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES BY UNITING AGAINST THE NEW, LONGER DRESSES!
I'VE **GOT** IT, PATSY! LET'S FORM A "JUST BELOW THE KNEE CLUB!"
SWELL! WE'LL ALL TAKE AN OATH TO KEEP OUR DRESSES SHORT! BUT NOW WE MUST CHECK WITH THE FELLOWS AND SEE WHAT **THEY** THINK!
LATER...
...AND WHAT DO **YOU** FELLOWS THINK OF OUR IDEA?
WE AGREE 100%!
YEAH! THOSE LONG MOTHER HUBBARDS LOOK **TERRIBLE!**
WELL, GIRLS, THE BOYS ARE ON **OUR** SIDE! WE'RE ALL **SET** NOW!
UH-OH! **LOOK** WHO'S HERE!
HELLO, BOYS! ♪ ♪
(WHISTLE)
HUBBA! HUBBA!
WOWEE!
2

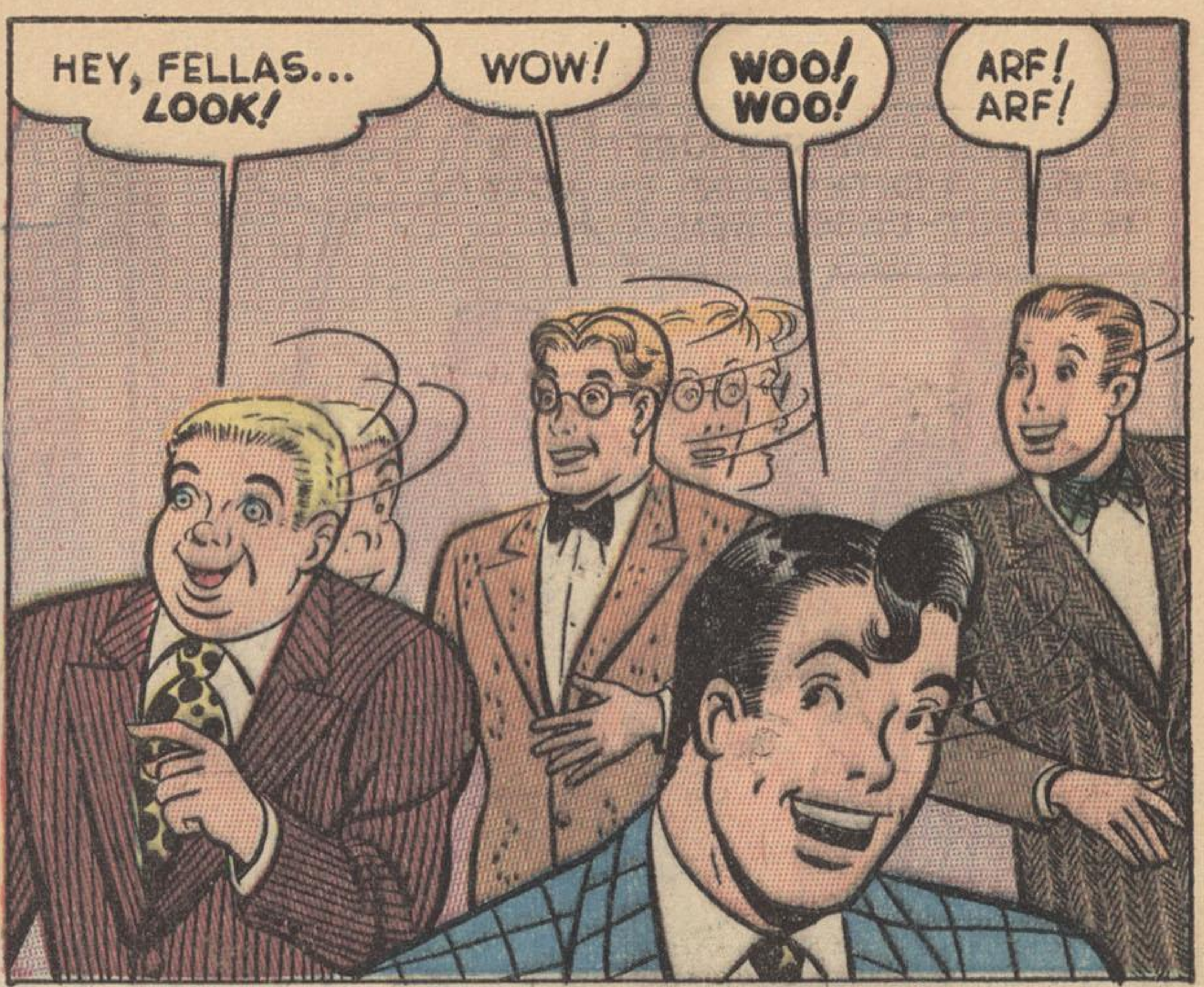
WOW! YOU LOOK **TERRIF**, HEDY!
AND, IF I MAY ADD, SUPER SNAZZY, AS WELL!
OF **ALL** THE...
COME **ON**, PATSY! LET'S LEAVE THIS GROUP OF DISGUSTINGLY **FICKLE** MEN!
REMEMBER, GIRLS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT HAPPENS, WE MUST ALL PROMISE NOT TO BREAK OUR SACRED VOW!
RIGHT! WE **MUST** STICK TOGETHER!
WE WILL **NOT** WEAR THE LONG DRESSES!
NANCY, DID YOU **SEE** HOW BUZZ STARTED OGLING HEDY IN HER NEW DRESS? I'D SOONER GIVE **HIM** UP THAN GIVE IN TO WEARING THOSE NEW STYLES!
I THINK MEN JUST DON'T HAVE ANY TASTE AT **ALL**! HEDY LOOKED **AWFUL**!
LATER...
I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE HOW ANYONE CAN BE SO SILLY AS TO LIKE THOSE OLD-FASHIONED DRESSES! HMM, WONDER WHO **THIS** CAN BE!
CENTERVILLE
RING
JUNIOR MISS
HELLO! OH, IT'S **YOU**, BUZZ! YOU WANT ME TO GO TO A MOVIE TONIGHT? WELL, AFTER THE SILLY WAY YOU ACTED TODAY, I SHOULD BE VERY ANGRY, BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU **THIS** TIME!
3

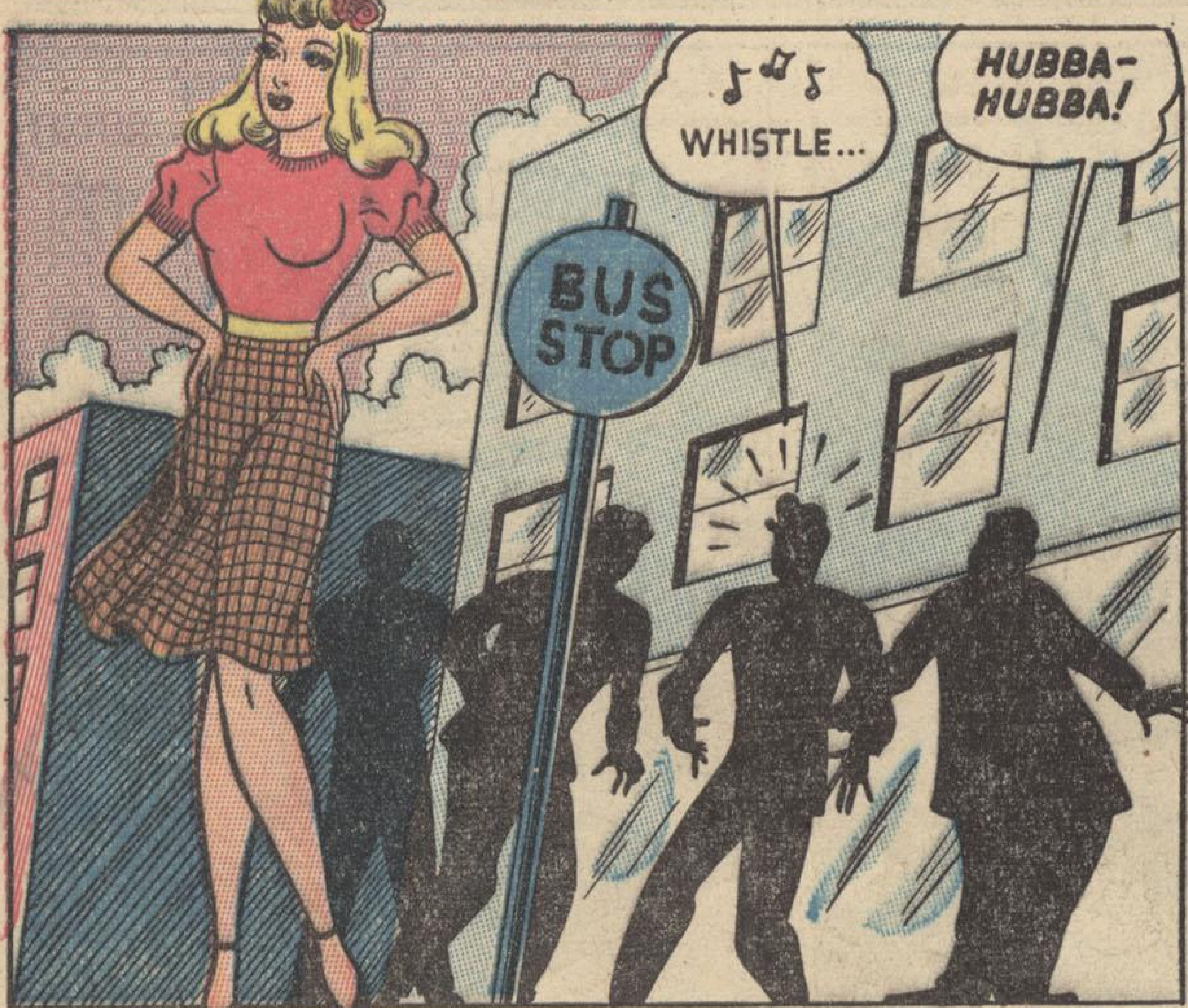
HMM... NOW LET'S SEE! WHAT'LL I **WEAR?**
THIS DRESS HAS JUST BEEN CLEANED! I'LL TRY IT ON!
GOLLY! IT **DOES** LOOK KINDA SHORT! I'VE PROBABLY GROWN, OR PERHAPS IT SHRANK! I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HURT TO LET THE HEM DOWN A LITTLE!
AND SO, AFTER A FEW MINUTES WITH A NEEDLE AND THREAD...
THAT'S MORE ***LIKE*** IT! I'M SURE THIS IS JUST THE NORMAL LENGTH... PRACTICALLY!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
WOW, PATSY, YOU LOOK SWELL IN YOUR ***NEW STYLE DRESS!***
WELL..ER.. IT'S NOT **REALLY** THAT! IT'S JUST THAT MY OTHER DRESSES SEEM TO HAVE ***SHRUNK!*** (AHEM!)
GOLLY, I DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT IT LOOKED ***THAT*** LONG! I'D BETTER GET IN THE MOVIE QUICK BEFORE I MEET ANY OF THE GIRLS! THEY JUST MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND!
WHOA, PATSY! WHAT'S THE ***RUSH?***
OH...ER...THAT IS, I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY OF THE PICTURE! HA! HA! HA!
Now Playing
4

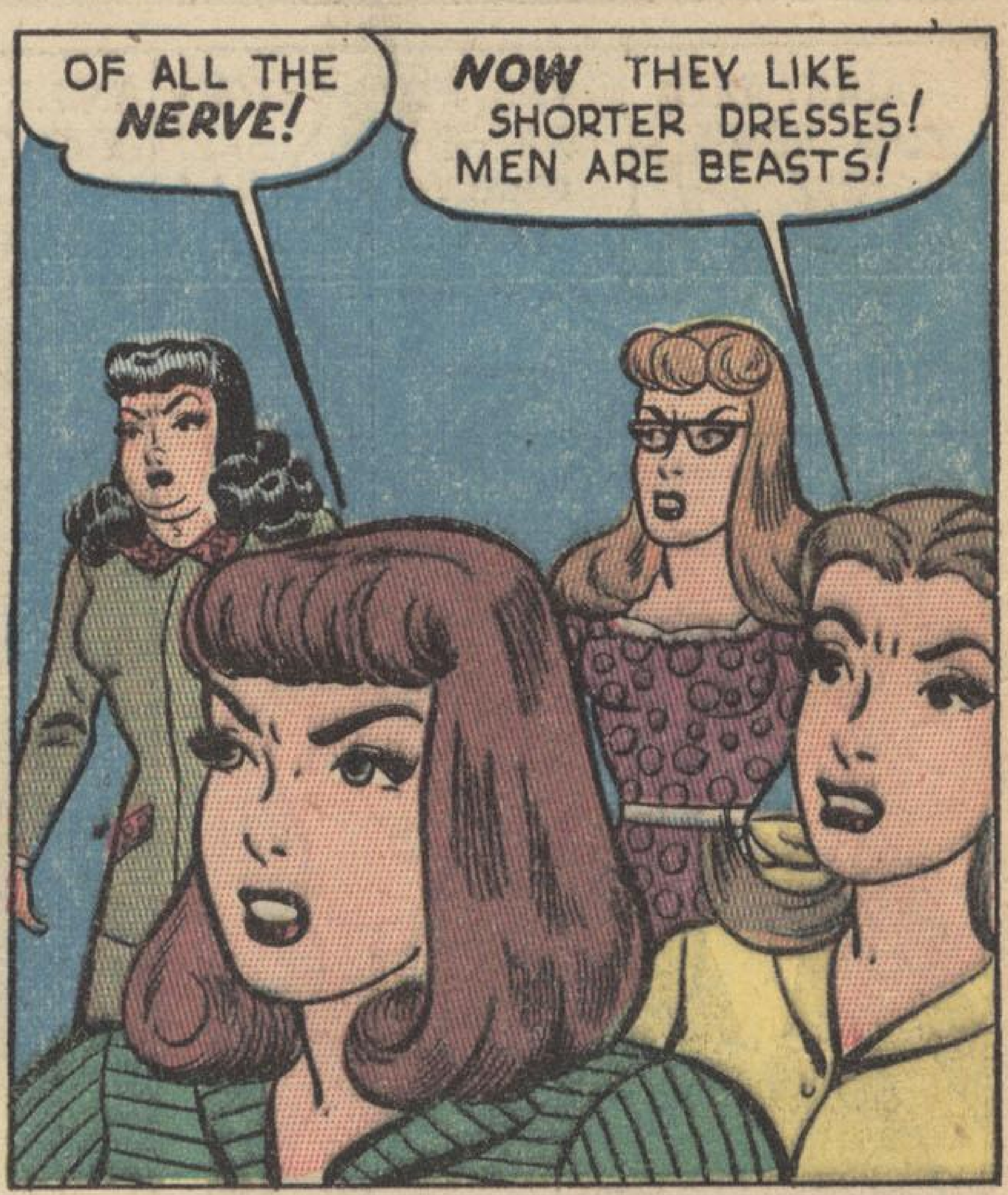
GEE, PATSY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THIS PICTURE!
OH, I CERTAINLY AM!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S PLAYING, BUT I'M SAFE INSIDE, ANYWAY!
OMIGOSH! I SPOKE TOO SOON! THERE'S NANCY! SHE'S SEEN ME BUT SHE HASN'T SEEN MY DRESS YET BECAUSE OF THIS CROWD!
!
EXIT 6
...BUZZ, I'VE JUST DECIDED THAT I DON'T CARE TO SEE THIS PICTURE AFTER ALL! LET'S LEAVE!
WHAT? BUT, PATSY, WE JUST GOT IN! AND TICKETS DON'T GROW ON TREES!
WHEW, SAFE AT LAST, AND... ULP!
OH!
PLEASE, NANCY, DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! ...I CAN EXPLAIN WHY I BROKE MY OATH!
YOU BROKE... BROKE YOUR OATH? BUT I DI---
OH!
OH!

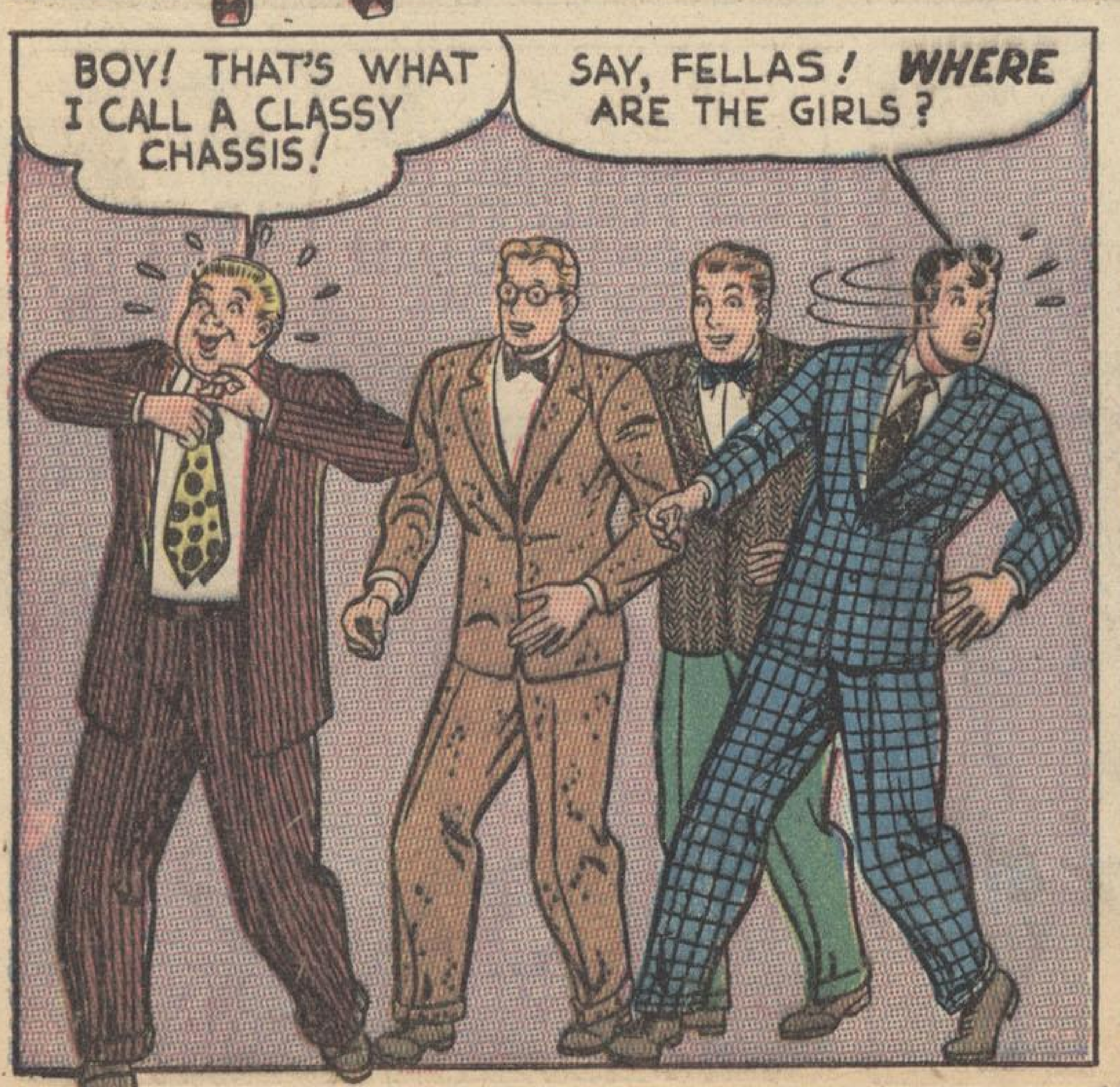
SINCE WE'RE BOTH GUILTY WE MAY AS WELL GO BACK IN NOW! WE DON'T WANT TO MEET CLAIRE OR RUTH-THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PATSY!
OH, NANCY, LOOK! IT'S CLAIRE AND RUTH! LET'S GET OUT QUICKLY!
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!
THIS IS A MARATHON RACE!
CLAIRE! DID YOU SEE WHO I SAW?
YES, RUTH! IT'S PATSY AND NANCY! WHAT'LL WE DO?
LOOK, GIRLS! WOULD YOU MIND VERY MUCH TELLING US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
NOT NOW, BUZZ! WE HAVE OUR REASONS!
EXIT
GULP! PATSY...NANCY!
GULP! CLAIRE...RUTH!
NOW PLAYING
WE CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, GIRLS!
PATSY, LOOK!
CLAIRE, LOOK!
WE'VE ALL GOT LONGER DRESSES!
I GUESS WE'VE ALL BROKEN OUR OATHS! BUT AFTER ALL, IT WAS REALLY THE FELLOWS WHO MADE US FEEL THAT WE WERE OUT OF STYLE!
YES! AND NOW THAT I'M USED TO IT... I KINDA LIKE THE NEW LOOK!

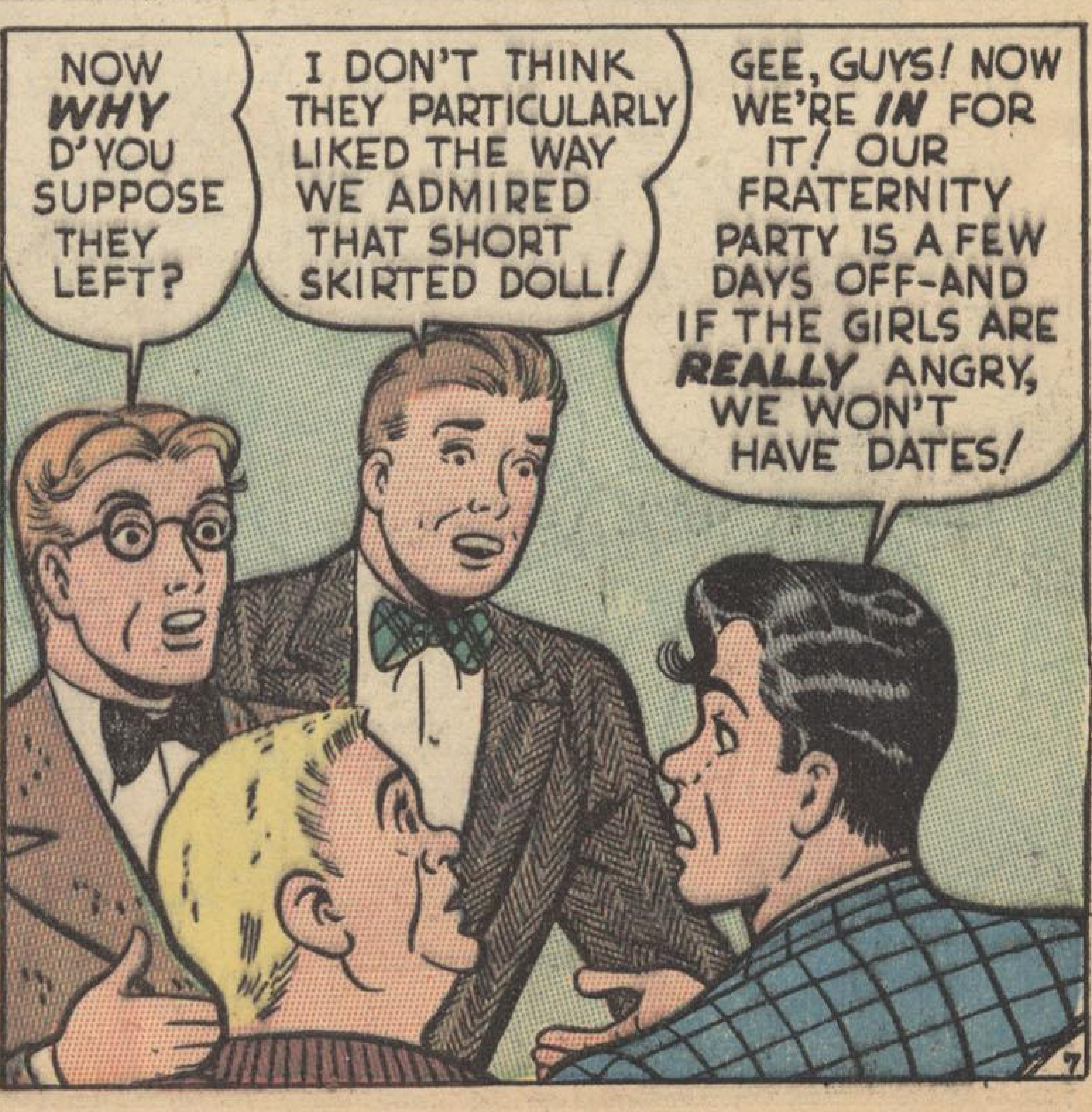

YOU FELLAS OUGHT TO FEEL FLATTERED THAT WE ALLOW YOU TO INFLUENCE OUR TASTE IN CLOTHES!
YOU ALL LOOK **SWELL** IN THOSE NEW LONGER DRESSES!


HEY, FELLAS... ***LOOK!***
WOW!
WOO! WOO!
ARF! ARF!


♪♫♪ WHISTLE...
HUBBA-HUBBA!
BUS STOP

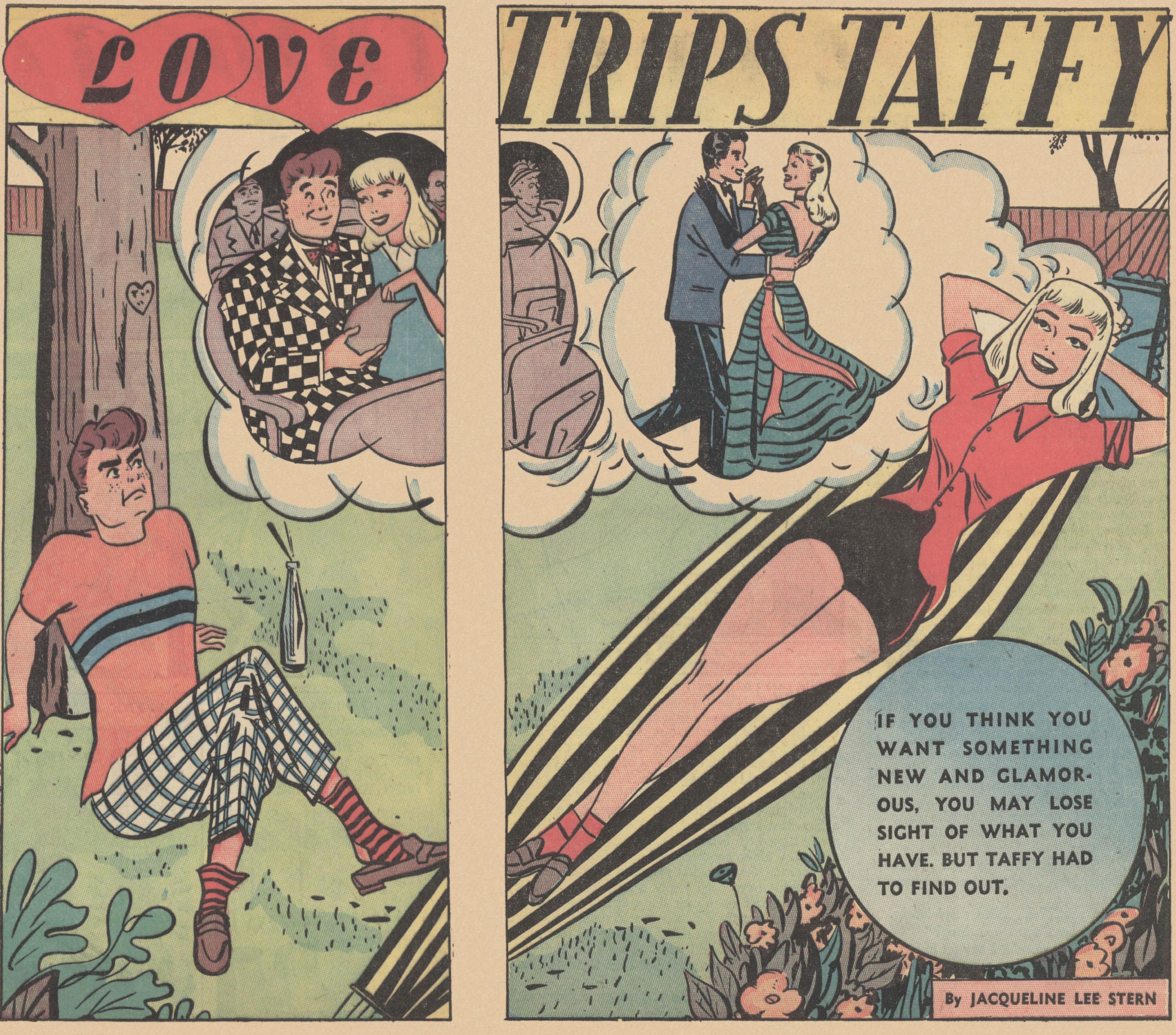

OF ALL THE ***NERVE!***
NOW THEY LIKE SHORTER DRESSES! MEN ARE BEASTS!


BOY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CLASSY CHASSIS!
SAY, FELLAS! ***WHERE*** ARE THE GIRLS?


NOW ***WHY*** D'YOU SUPPOSE THEY LEFT?
I DON'T THINK THEY PARTICULARLY LIKED THE WAY WE ADMIRED THAT SHORT SKIRTED DOLL!
GEE, GUYS! NOW WE'RE ***IN*** FOR IT! OUR FRATERNITY PARTY IS A FEW DAYS OFF-AND IF THE GIRLS ARE ***REALLY*** ANGRY, WE WON'T HAVE DATES!

LATER, AT PATSY'S HOUSE...
I HATE MEN!
WE WEAR SHORT SKIRTS AND THEY LIKE 'EM LONG! THEN, WE WEAR LONG SKIRTS AND THEY GO BACK TO SHORT ONES! FOOEY!
HEY, GALS! LOOK WHAT JUST CAME IN THE MAIL!
IT'S FROM THE BOYS! LISTEN! "PATSY, NANCY, RUTH AND CLAIRE, WE DON'T CARE WHAT YOU WEAR-AT OUR PARTY, YOU'LL LOOK SMARTY, AND WE HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!"
I SAY WE SHOULDN'T GO!
BUT THIS IS THEIR FRATERNITY'S MOST IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT!
YES! AND I SAY WE SHOULD GO! I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN TEACH THEM A LESSON!
AND SO, ON THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...
LOOK, FELLOWS!
IT'S THE GALS! THEY DIDN'T DISAPPOINT US!
OH, YEAH? LOOK AGAIN!
"BOYS, WE THANK YOU FOR THIS CHANCE, TO SHOW YOU AT A MOMENT'S GLANCE, SHORT OR LONG, WE CAN'T GO WRONG, WHEN YOU SEE WHO WEARS...
... THE PANTS!"
OH!
YIPE!
GULP!
THE END

LOVE TRIPS TAFFY



IF YOU THINK YOU WANT SOMETHING NEW AND GLAMOROUS, YOU MAY LOSE SIGHT OF WHAT YOU HAVE. BUT TAFFY HAD TO FIND OUT.

By **JACQUELINE LEE STERN**

TAFFY lay stretched out in the hammock in back of her house, staring dreamily up at the waving branches of a giant oak tree. Her hair, which was long and straight and the pale honey color responsible for her nickname, whipped over the side of the hammock. Sitting on the ground with one leg raised so he could push her back and forth, the hair was all of her that Andy could see.

He scowled resentfully, and something of what he felt inside must have gone into the next kick he gave the hammock because Taffy let out a piercing, little-girl "Ow!" and sat bolt upright.

"Say! What's the big idea?" she demanded, tenderly rubbing the sore spot.

"Just what I was going to ask you," he muttered, standing up and looking down at her. "I don't know what's gotten into you lately."

Taffy rolled over on her stomach so he couldn't see her face. "I can't imagine what you're referring to," she fibbed airily.

"Oh, yes, you do!" Andy exploded. "You know darn well what I mean . . . mooning around like a tragedy queen, swinging in that silly hammock for hours at a time, turning thumbs down every time I make a suggestion. Huh!" He snorted scornfully. "Try kidding someone else, Sarah Bernhardt—I'm on to you. All I wanna know is, what's happened?"

Taffy turned around again so she could see his face, even though she knew she could see it with her eyes closed . . . blue eyes, crooked nose and lots of freckles. She was so used to his face she couldn't for the life of her have told whether it was handsome or homely or something in-between, and, in a way, knowing his face so well was part of what had happened . . . that is, his face *and* Rick Nelson and the Friday-Night Club.

But she couldn't very well tell Andy, "The only thing that's happened is that we know each other too well." Neither of them was to blame for the friendship that was as old as their sixteen years, but—Taffy sighed—there just wasn't any glamour attached to it. But if she told Andy that, he'd just hoot in that blunt way of his, "Are you nuts or something? I thought you didn't go in for glamour." The trouble with Andy was he had no . . . no finesse. Why, he wouldn't know how to pay a compliment if he wanted to . . . not that he *wanted* to . . . not that he thought *she* wanted him to.

And, to be perfectly honest, it wasn't until a week ago that *Taffy* had given a thought to glamour or compliments or all the things that Andy lacked. It was Rick Nelson who had started her doing it.

She had only gone to the Friday-Night Club because of her best friend Doris. Doris was completely gone on Rick, and when she found out that he was going to be at the high school Friday-Night Club social, wild horses wouldn't have kept her away. But, because she was too jittery to go alone, Taffy got roped into sacrificing her Friday night movie with Andy on the altar of friendship and tagging along as morale-booster.

It was an upsetting evening. Not that Taffy was a wallflower, but neither was she the belle of the ball—not by a long shot. And she didn't get the one attention that was a sure-fire guarantee of popularity . . . a dance with Rick Nelson. For the first time she began to regret that she hadn't let Doris persuade her into wearing her new ankle-strap shoes and something a little dressier than her old corduroy jumper and blouse. For the first time in her life she began to wonder if perhaps there were something not quite right about her . . . maybe she wasn't pretty enough, maybe she didn't have personality.

All the next week that dance she hadn't gotten continued to bother her. The worst of it was that there wasn't a single soul she could confide in. Even a best friend like Doris would act just a little triumphant when she remembered how Taffy had made fun of the girls in their class who fluttered their eyelashes and giggled when Rick went by and who drooled over his wavy black hair and flashing smile.

And she was too ashamed to tell Andy . . . he'd always thought she was above that sort of thing. "Mushy over that two-bit Romeo!" She could just hear the scorn in his voice. Besides—somehow, she had a funny feeling that even a boy who'd been your pal all his life wouldn't be too keen about hearing you were sort of drippy over another guy.

Taffy sighed again, wondering why grown-ups were always talking about the carefree, golden days of youth. This business of being sixteen was far from easy. How, for example, was she going to tell Andy that she wanted to skip their movie for the second Friday night in a row? And even more of a problem, how was she going to persuade him to take her to the Friday-Night Club social? Andy hated that sort of thing.

"Andy . . ." She drew his name out as though it were five syllables long, sounding just as syrupy as she could.

"What do you want?" he asked suspiciously.

"How do you know I want something?"

"Come off it," he grumbled. "I haven't known you sixteen years for nothing. Now what's it all about, and what do you want?"

Abandoning feminine wiles, Taffy said meekly, "I want you to take me to the Friday-Night Club social tomorrow."

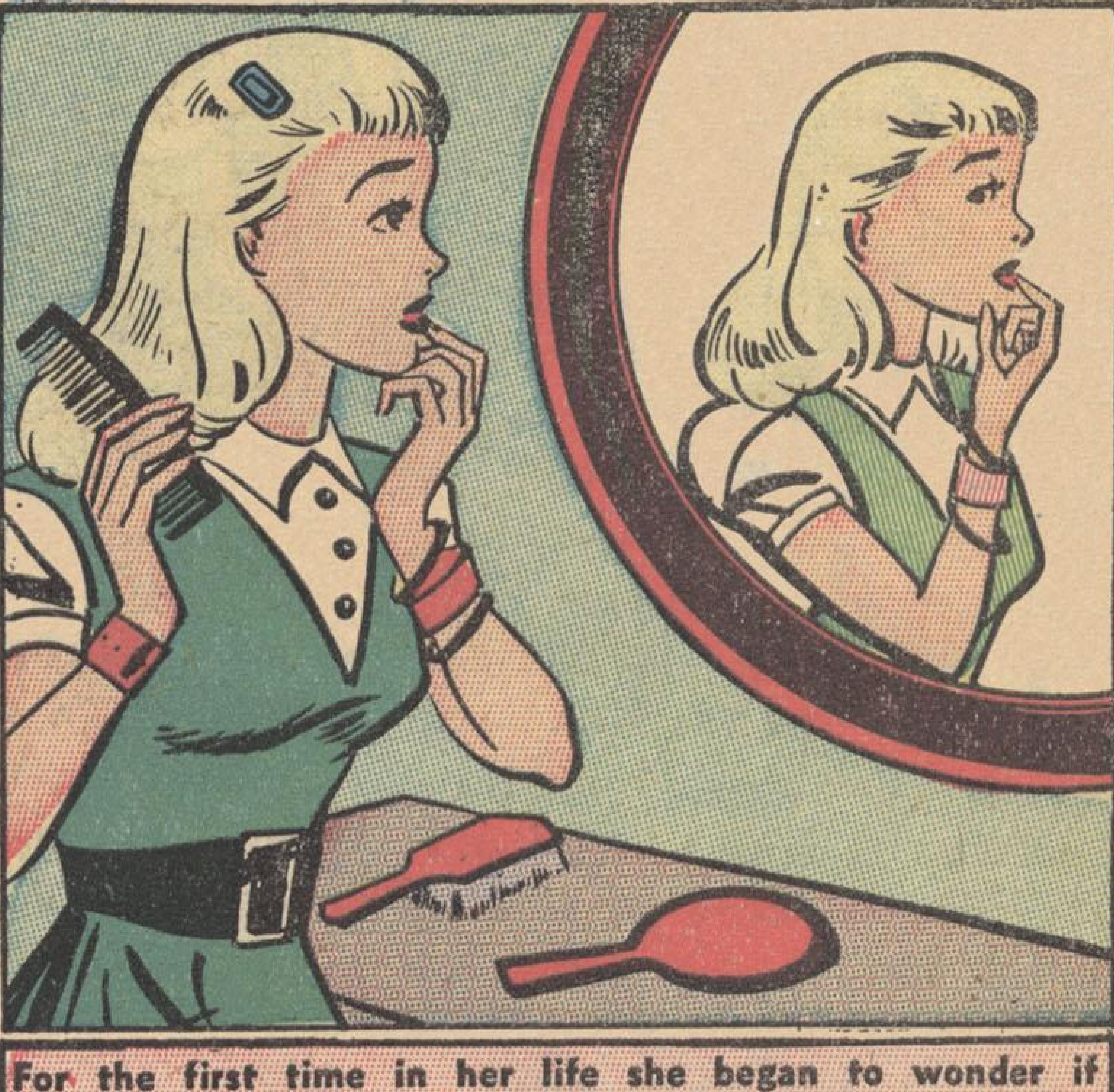
"Are you stark, staring, raving mad?" Andy demanded dramatically. "Have you gone completely off your nut? Do you think I'm out of my mind? Friday-Night Club social! Huh!" He frowned darkly. "How come you want to go?"

Taffy gave him a look of injured dignity. "I just happen to have a desire to attend," she answered loftily. "Nor do I see, Mr. Barrymore," she couldn't resist adding, "why you have to get so hysterical about it."

Andy's scowl deepened. "I know what's wrong with you," he accused. "You've got a crush on Rick Nelson."

"I have not!" Taffy denied indignantly. Certainly she didn't! Having a crush on someone wasn't at all the same as wanting someone to have a crush on you.

"Oh, yes, you do. And you're chasing after him like all those other silly drips. Well, if you think I'm going to take you tomorrow night and be the stooge just in case pretty-boy Rick doesn't sit up and take notice you've got another think coming. Cuz I'm not."



For the first time in her life she began to wonder if perhaps there were something not quite right about her.

What he said was so true and at the same time so unfair that Taffy, seething at the injustice of it, hit back at him in the only way she could. "You know what the trouble with all the rest of you boys is, don't you?" she said cuttingly. "You're *jealous* of Rick Nelson."

Andy glared at her in a way that meant if she were a boy he'd knock her down. Then he leaned over, neatly tipped the hammock and dumped her onto the ground. Without another word he stalked away, leaping over the low fence that separated their back yards.

He must have been really angry, Taffy decided, when he didn't come over the next day to make up the way he usually did after one of their fights. She felt vaguely hurt about not making up all that afternoon and later on while she dressed for the Club social, but it didn't prevent her from trying to look her best.

She wore her favorite dress, a soft green jersey with push-up sleeves, and the brown snakeskin shoes that she'd regretted not having on last Friday night. She helped herself liberally to her older sister Merrily's lipstick and powder and cologne, and just before she left the house she brushed her hair until it bristled all over with electricity and shone like candlelight.

When she arrived at school, she found Andy waiting for her at the gate. He looked neat and nice in his best blue suit, with a clean white shirt on and his unruly hair slicked down.

"I changed my mind," he mumbled, not quite meeting her eyes.

Taffy said softly, "Thank you, Andy," making a mental note to decide later on just why she was so terribly glad.

The dancing was already in full swing when they walked into the Club room together. Andy put his hand on her arm for a moment just before they joined the rest of the crowd. He swallowed hard. "You look terrif, Taffy," he told her. "I bet you knock him for a loop."

Taffy didn't get a chance to answer because Skinny Ellis was at her elbow clamoring for a dance, and all she could do was flash one quick look of distress at Andy before Skinny whirled her away.

She thought maybe she'd get a chance to speak to him after her first dance, but she didn't because he never came near her. Instead he stood posted in the doorway like a sentinel, with his arms folded across his chest Napoleon-style and a grim expression on his face. It was four dances later, when she saw him glaring across the room at Rick Nelson, that Taffy realized what he was up to.

She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry—to be angry or amused. In spite of all he'd said, Andy had come here tonight just to make sure she had a good time. As long as she had plenty of partners he'd keep his distance, but just in case she didn't he was there to see that no one could paste a wallflower label on her. He was even willing to play stooge to "pretty-boy Rick" because that was the kind of friend he was. Suddenly Taffy knew that she didn't want to cry at all, and she wasn't the least bit angry.

She looked thoughtfully around the room. There were about a dozen couples on the dance floor, a group of community singers in one corner, a couple of chess players in another. In front of the room on a small raised platform right under one of the lights was a long, sturdy table that she thought would suit her purpose.

She walked towards the table and swung up on it sideways. She lifted the flap of the brown snakeskin pocketbook, which was an exact match for her shoes, and took out a miniature deck of cards.

There might have been no one else in the room for all the attention she gave the other members of the Friday-Night Club as she carelessly shuffled the cards and started a game of solitaire.

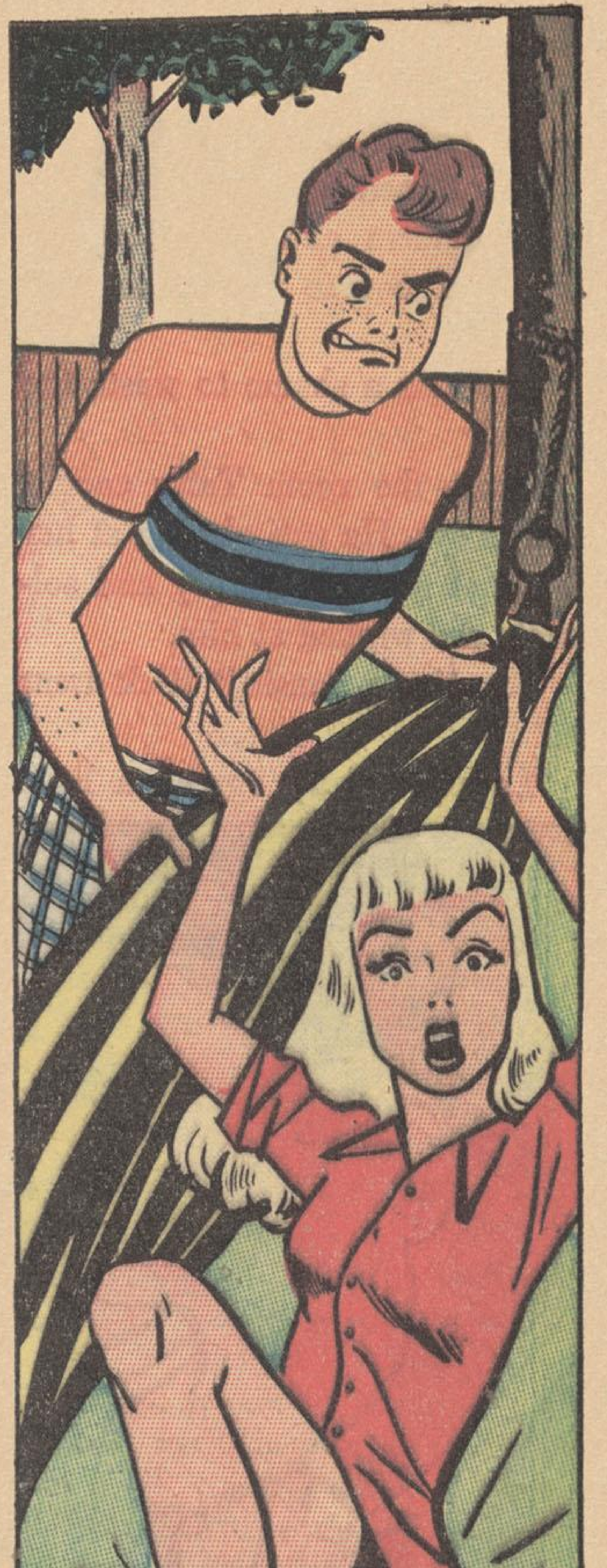
She didn't even trouble to turn around several minutes later when she felt a hand tap her shoulder and a voice say close to her ear, "Six of diamonds on the seven of spades."

The voice was Rick Nelson's—she didn't have to turn around to know that. "Thanks," said Taffy casually, putting the six of diamonds on the seven of spades and calmly continuing her game.

"You must find the Club pretty dull," Rick said.

He paused, evidently expecting an answer, but Taffy was so absorbed in the problem of whether to put out a king or save it for future building that she didn't bother to give him one.

"Am I boring you?" Rick asked. He sounded a bit nettled, like a



Then he leaned over, neatly tipped the hammock and dumped her onto the ground.

spoiled child not getting his own way—or a boy not used to being ignored by a girl.

Taffy tossed her hair back over her shoulders and looked up at him. "Of course not," she said politely.

"It seems a shame to waste the music."

Across the room Taffy caught Andy's eye. He was glaring at her now, not at Rick. Slowly and solemnly she winked at him.

"It's lovely music," Rick went on.

"Lovely," Taffy agreed a little absently, still looking across at Andy.

"It could be a lot lovelier if we shared it together," Rick hinted.

Taffy didn't even hear him. Andy had just waved good-by to her. He was leaving—and without her! She jumped down from the table.

Rick caught her by the arm. "Look," he asked, "how about this dance?"

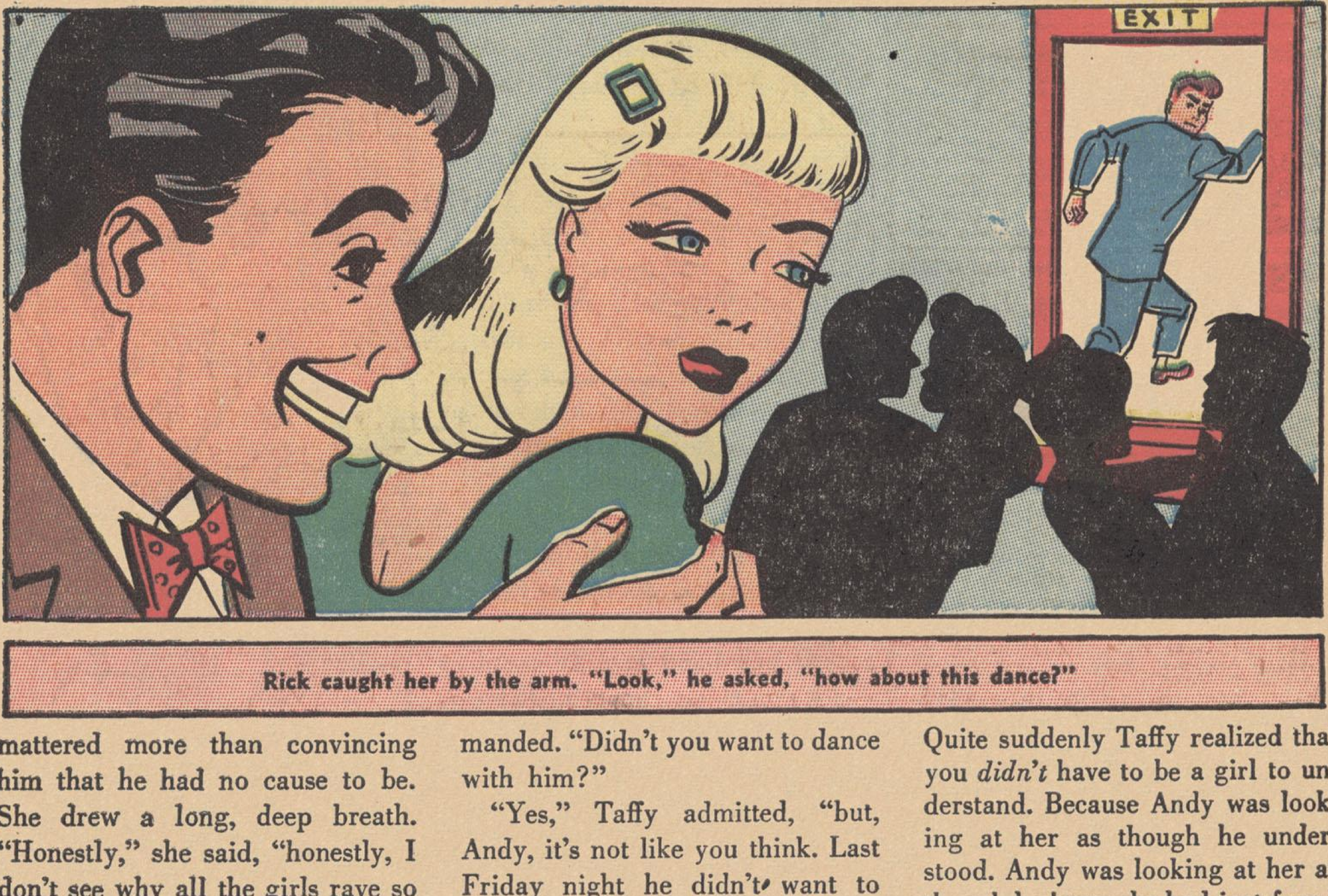
Taffy snatched her pocketbook up from the table and shook herself free. "I'm sorry," she said hurriedly, "but I have to go now," and she fairly ran out of the room.

"Andy," she called out, taking the stairs two at a time, "Andy!"

He was outside before she caught up with him. "Why did you leave without me?" she asked reproachfully, falling into step beside him.

Andy dug his hands down into his pockets. "You were doing all right without me," he said stiffly.

Taffy stole a sidelong glance at him, and what she saw in his face filled her with sudden glad surprise. *He was jealous!*



Rick caught her by the arm. "Look," he asked, "how about this dance?"

All at once nothing in the world mattered more than convincing him that he had no cause to be. She drew a long, deep breath. "Honestly," she said, "honestly, I don't see why all the girls rave so about Rick Nelson. For my money he's as corny and square as they come. What a line!"

Even though she was looking straight ahead now she knew that Andy's eyes were on her. "Can you imagine anyone with gray matter falling for that obvious stunt I pulled?" she breezed on.

Andy stopped abruptly under a street light and made her stop, too. "Didn't you go tonight because Rick Nelson was there?" he demanded. "Didn't you want to dance with him?"

"Yes," Taffy admitted, "but, Andy, it's not like you think. Last Friday night he didn't want to dance with me, and that made me want so much to want him to want to dance with me I couldn't think of anything else. But then tonight when he asked me just the way I'd planned he would after I pulled that card trick, I didn't want to dance with him at all. I guess," she added forlornly, "you'd have to be a girl to understand."

Andy was grinning down at her now, with his hands holding hers instead of clenched in his pockets. Quite suddenly Taffy realized that you *didn't* have to be a girl to understand. Because Andy was looking at her as though he understood. Andy was looking at her as though he knew she had just found out that having someone like you for yourself meant a lot more than having someone attracted by a green jersey dress or a clever stunt. If every other boy in the room had thought she was awful, Rick wouldn't have given her a tumble, but Andy would still have thought she was tops. Being liked that much by someone as swell as Andy was pretty super.

Come to think of it, it was downright glamorous! THE END

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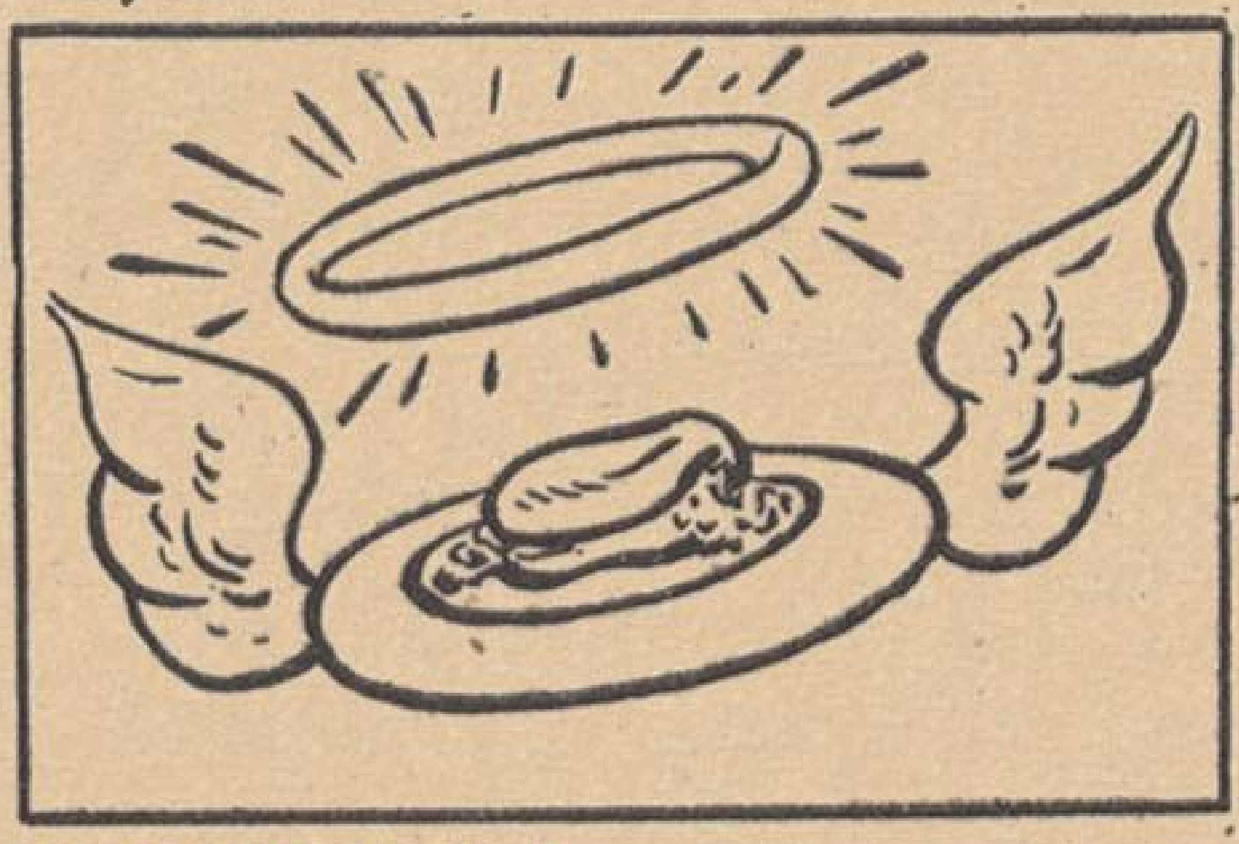
FOOD FOR FUN

BUN BEDEVILMENT

Let's get out granny's cookin' cap and be old-fashioned for a day. Ever hear of CINNAMON BUNS? Here's how:

First, boil 6 medium potatoes, then mash them and add 2 cups of sugar, 2 cups of milk, 1 yeast cake, and enough flour to make a light batter. Let rise for 2 or 3 hours until light, then add a cup of melted butter, 4 well-beaten eggs, and enough flour to make the dough easy to knead. Let rise again until light. Roll out to 1½ inch thickness, spread with softened butter and plenty of cinnamon and sugar. Roll up, and cut off in 1½ inch slices. Place a distance apart in a buttered pan, sprinkle with a little sugar, and bake for 40 minutes in a hot oven.

They may be old-fashioned, but they sure go down the right way!



HASH HEAVEN . . .

Here's another leftover luxury that will prove you're up on what's cooking.

For corned beef hash, chop a cupful of cooked corned beef, 3 cups boiled potatoes, a cup of cooked beets and half an onion—all should be chopped separately, and then combined. A tablespoon or so of butter is heated in an iron skillet, and the hash mixture spread smoothly over the bottom. If the mixture seems too dry, a little cream may be added. Let the hash brown slowly, and when crisp on the bottom, fold over as you would an omelet. Freshly grated Horseradish mixed with some whipped cream makes a tasty sauce for the hash—although when properly made, it really needs no additional flavor.

It's a simple, inexpensive dish—though it tastes like heaven when made properly.

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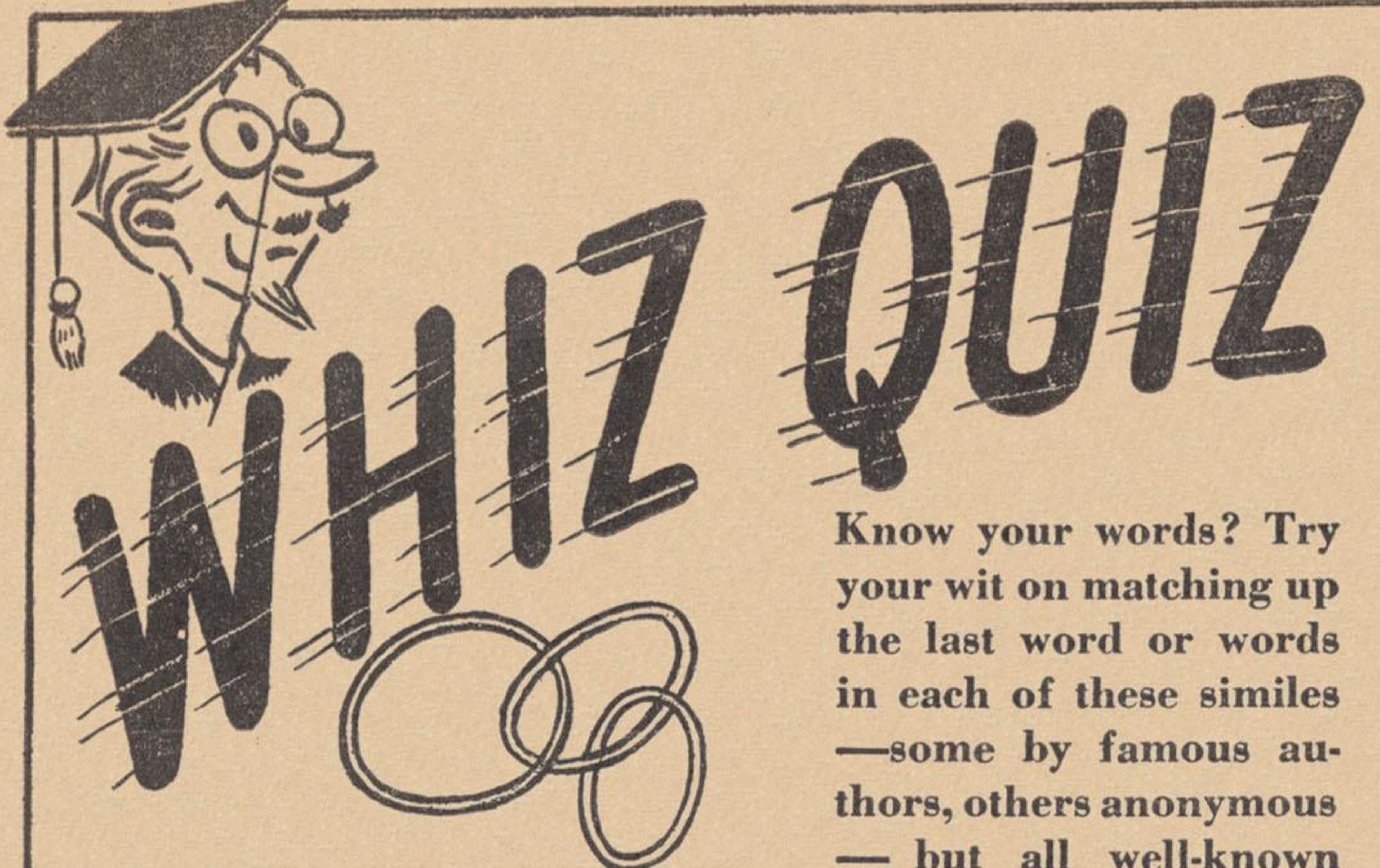

WHIZ QUIZ

Reading much these days? See how well you remember the books these characters are in.

1. Hepzibah
2. The Lilliputians
3. Rosalie
4. Tom Joad
5. Beth and Amy
6. Puck
7. Little John
8. Macduff
9. Robert Jordan
10. Laertes

ANSWERS:

1. The House of Seven Gables
2. Gulliver's Travels
3. As You Like It
4. The Grapes of Wrath
5. Little Women
6. A Midsummer's Night Dream
7. Robin Hood
8. Macbeth
9. For Whom the Bell Tolls
10. Hamlet

Know your words? Try your wit on matching up the last word or words in each of these similes—some by famous authors, others anonymous — but all well-known word combinations.

1. Neat as a —	a. judge
2. Mean as a ———	b. April shower
3. Limp as a —	c. steel
4. Sweet as ——	d. pin
5. Red as a ——	e. crystal
6. Pretty as a —	f. miser
7. Grim as a —	g. poison
8. Rigid as ——	h. madman
9. Sudden as an ———	i. beet
10. Clear as ——	j. death and taxes
11. Sure as ——	k. picture
12. Rave like a —	l. rag
13. Keen as ——	m. stone
14. Hate like —	n. sugar

ANSWERS:

1. d
2. f
3. l
4. n
5. i
6. k
7. a
8. m
9. b
10. e
11. j
12. h
13. c
14. g

Four's company — but five's a crowd! See if you can find the one in each of these groups that ought to find its own company.

1. Limerick, ballad, sonnet, quatrain, tympany
2. Impressionism, romanticism, fascism, realism, expressionism
3. Peck, Mitchum, Parks, Allyson, Gable
4. Washington, Berlin, Albany, Moscow, Paris
5. Picasso, Wood, Benton, Shakespeare, Curry
6. Kenton, Dunham, Gillespie, Stokowski, Shaw
7. Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Housman, Lowell
8. Maupassant, Tolstoi, Moliere, Flaubert, Balzac
9. Chopin, Beethoven, Gershwin, Tschaikowsky, Wagner

ANSWERS:

1. Tympany
2. Fascism
3. Allyson
4. Albany
5. Shakespeare
6. Stokowski
7. Housman
8. Tolstoi
9. Gershwin

QUIZZES—6

6) Gather round, hep cats! See if you can match the band leaders in the first column with the proper instruments in the second column.

1. Tommy Dorsey	a. Clarinet
2. Harry James	b. Violin
3. Benny Goodman	c. Piano
4. Gene Krupa	d. Singing Guitar
5. Carmen	e. Trombone

ANSWERS:

1. e
2. f
3. a
4. g
5. c

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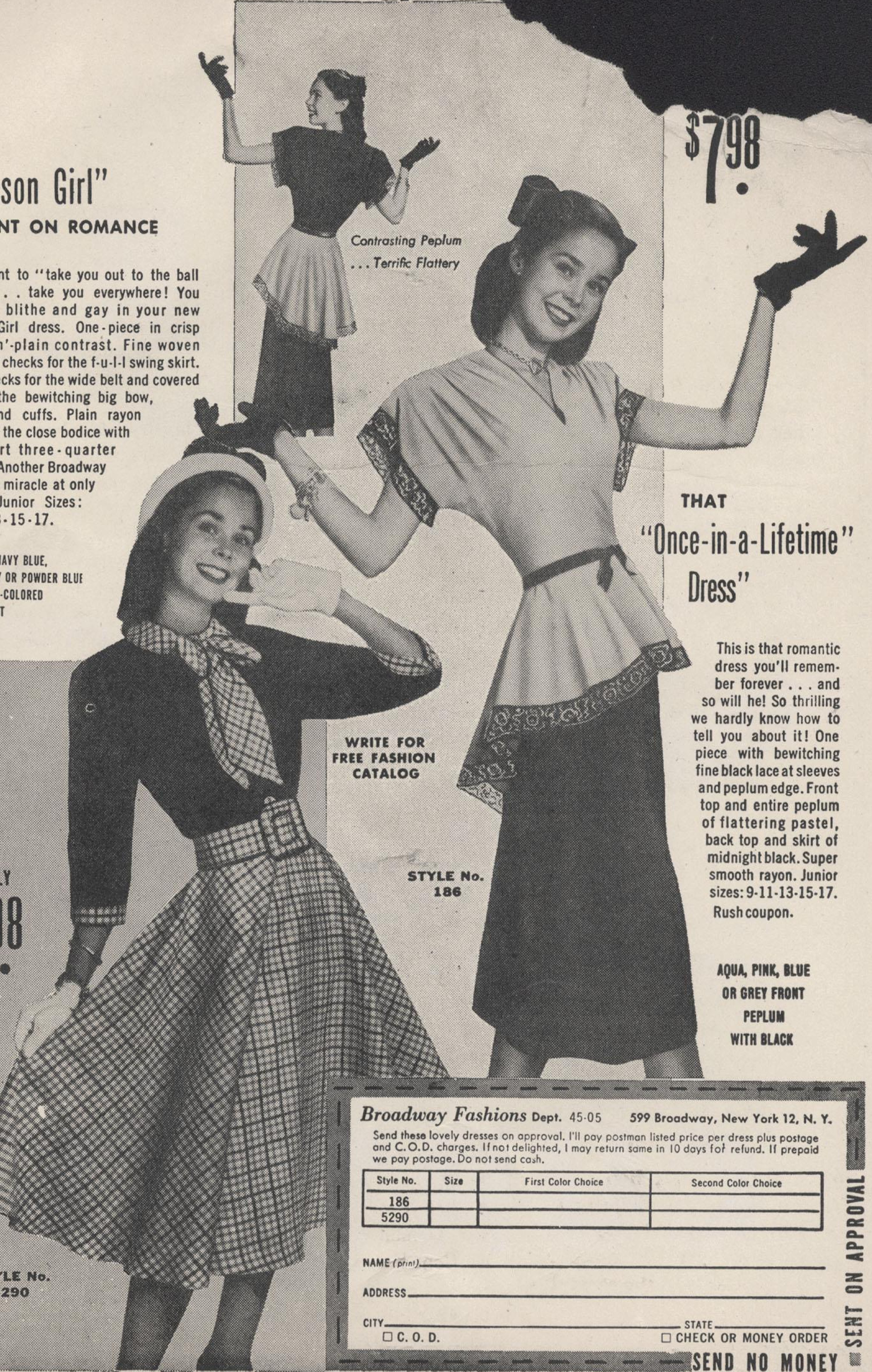

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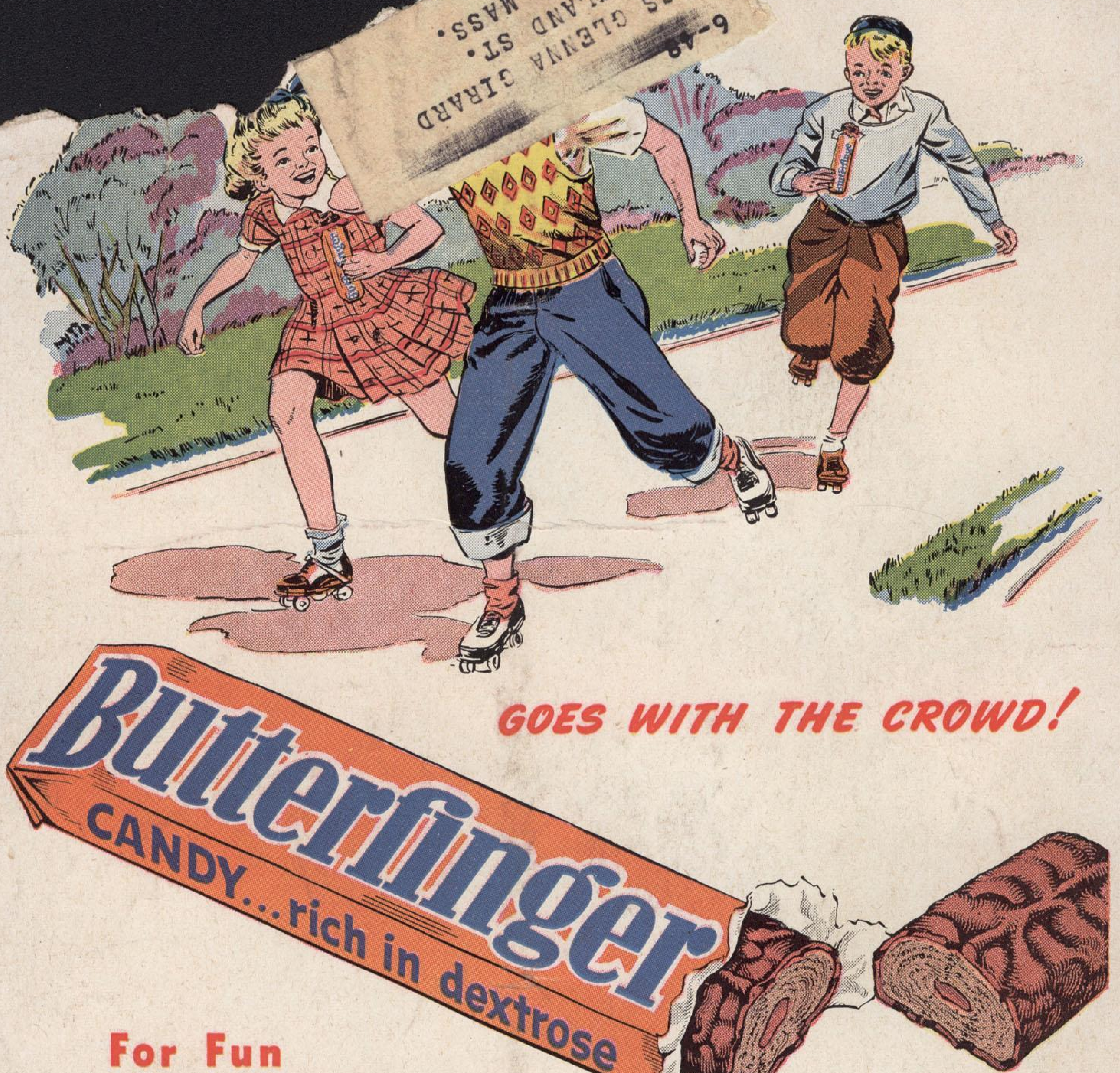
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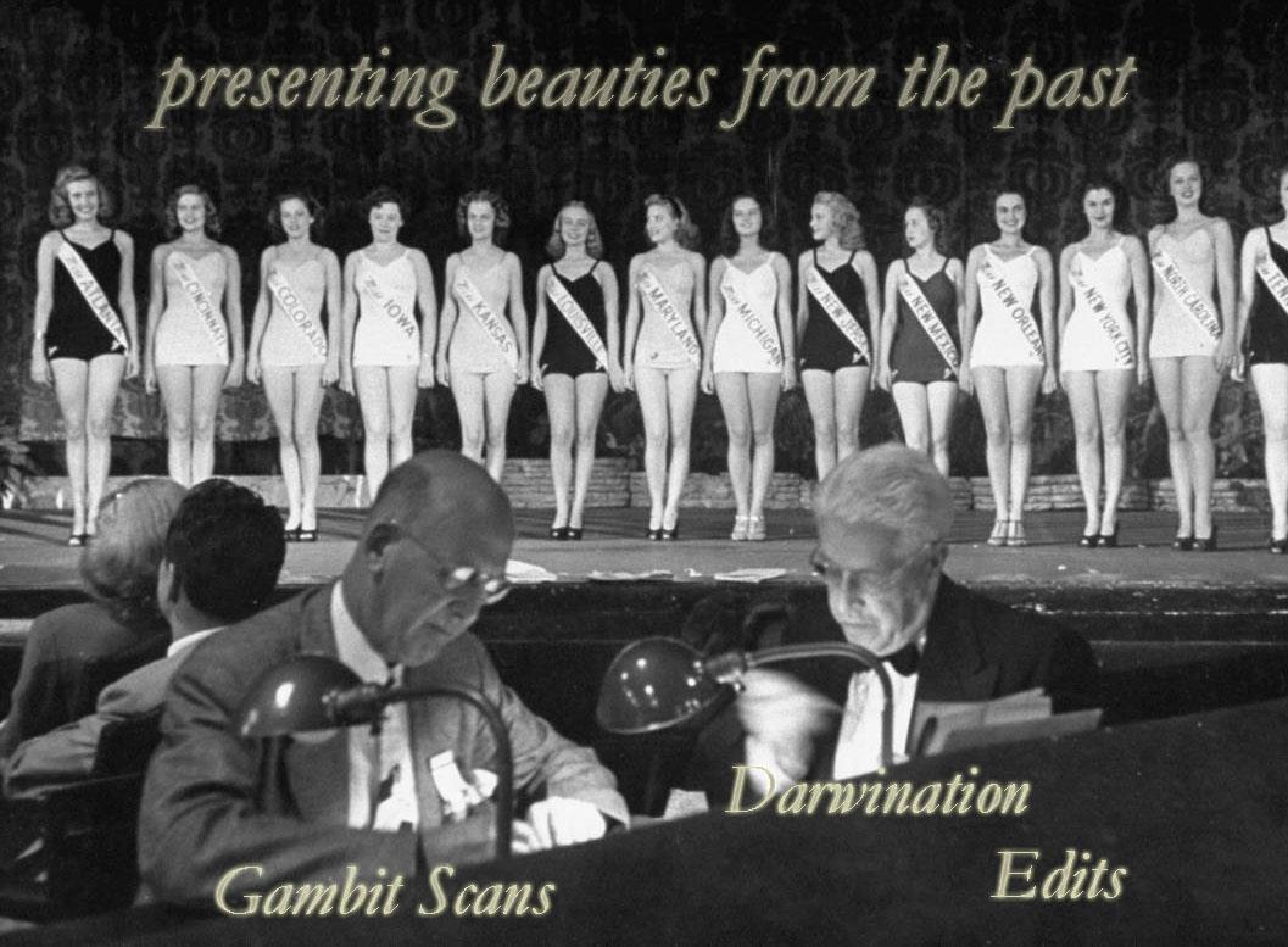
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